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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIV No. 1881 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — FEB. 8 1936

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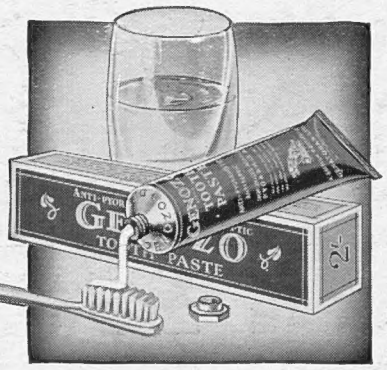

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 8, 1936

Under the Weather

Two Impressions of the Destroyer "Sturdy" Battling with Heavy Seas During the Spring Cruise of the Home Fleet

This year the giant battleships, *Nelson* and *Rodney*, accompanied by other warships of the Home Fleet, set out on their annual spring cruise on January 14, their first objective being Gibraltar, and it is possible that before March they will take part in exercises in the Atlantic. *Sturdy*, which is the attendant ship to the aircraft carrier, *Furious*, is depicted here in rough weather on her outward voyage. She is a destroyer of 905 tons, carrying an armament of three 4-in. guns, and is now over sixteen years old, having been launched and completed in 1919, after being begun under the emergency war programme. She is, therefore, among the older ships of the destroyer type in the Service, and will probably come under the Navy's elaborate five-year "scrap-and-build" plan which was recently foreshadowed

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AFTERMATH OF THE ROYAL FUNERAL: Smashed seats, uprooted railings, and litter on the Piccadilly side of Green Park, where those beside the railings used any available object on which to stand

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 5, 1936.

A LAST LOOK BACK.—

Although that wonderful series of ceremonies and processions which attended the burial of King George were the chief, if not the only, items of news in the early part of last week, I think it is right not to give them too much space on this page. There are sound reasons for this. The bulk of British journals have for two weeks, in innumerable special numbers and supplements, exhaustively reviewed the life and character of the late King, his reign and achievements, and the ceremonies attending his death and burial. The human mind cannot absorb more. Our grief is still fresh and deep, but the time has come when we must look forward again, cast no more longing, lingering looks behind but resume our lives and take up our responsibilities with courage and fresh hope. It is "business as usual" once more in a new reign and perhaps era. In a sense we are conscious of relief in resuming our normal lives, because, as I have said, our minds have reached saturation point in the absorption of details of glory and pride and sorrow. We return to our problems and cheerfully buckle on again our loads—with one exception. It is with profound distaste that we shoulder once more the European problem and the miserable Abyssinian impasse. Before recalling the situation there, as it stood before King George's death, I shall say but a very few words about that wonderful London funeral procession. The outstanding impression which it made upon me was this: That mighty tribute to a great Sovereign was mercifully and almost completely robbed of pathos by its very sternness. It was rather a test of endurance for all who took part in it, the troops lining the streets, a large section of the crowd, all who walked before and behind the coffin, and above all for the Royal ladies in the coaches. It was a test of endurance, bravely carried through, and a humble yet dignified and splendid submission to the will of Heaven. We faced the stark fact of human nature's frailty, and because we faced hard facts, there was no room for tears or sentimentality. We joined in a ceremony grand, stern, sublime, and uplifting, and I doubt not we are the better for our experience.

THE NEW REIGN.—

With ceremonial as old as English history and as significant, the nation has passed from one chapter to another in its great story. The new King has set his hand to the plough, and the late King has been carried by solemn stages to his last resting place among the dust of his ancestors and predecessors on the throne of Britain. Many of us middle-aged men remembered two other such funerals of great British sovereigns. We recalled the processions of Europe's kings and the rulers of civilisation winding behind the biers of our dead sovereigns and, if we paused to reflect, we could not but recall how many of the dynasties they represented have gone into the wilderness in the past thirty-five years. The Habsburg, the Hohenzollern, the Romanov, the dynasties of Spain and Portugal—the tale is long and tragic to those who remember that earlier procession of pale young kings and heirs who walked behind the coffin of Edward VII so short a time ago (as it seemed to some of us). Then we reflected, with gratitude and humility and wonder, that the throne of Britain, throughout the tempest that has ceaselessly raged for a generation in the history of mankind, stood firm and ever firmer like a rock in a changing, fretful sea, and we ask the question, Why? We share this blessing of security with the Scandinavian and Belgian nations. We owe it to the elasticity of a constitution which grew up sometimes haphazard but has been cemented and constantly amended by wise statesmanship and far-sighted compromise. We owe it to the blessing of a national character, free from headiness and sudden impulse, endowed with a high sense of tradition and patriotism on a broad basis, of justice and indeed humour and proportion. And not least we owe it to the blessing of a dynasty guided by pride in a position so dazzling, by love of a country and of a nation so great, and by a sense of duty that has constantly risen above self. The first weeks of the new King's reign have been for him a period of stern duty, the weight of which we can only dimly comprehend. What it means to him, and must mean, we faintly realise and that is all. He succeeds to a peerless inheritance, made peerless by the father whose loss he mourns and whose life and death he honours; and in succeeding he puts the world away, as one who, passionately loving liberty and all the colour and interest which freedom offers to a man of spirit, and which free and vital men best adorn, takes in his prime the vows of a stern order and gives his life to a higher service. The Queen's touching message to the Empire made sympathetic reference to this truth. There is indeed good ground for his people's to-day according him their unstinted sympathy and confident loyalty and praying that his may be the reward and the blessing which the 72nd Psalm paints, and that in due time he may read his record in a nation's eyes as his father did.

A THOUGHTFUL GESTURE: King George's annual show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, interests of the Show, his

THREE GREAT VOICES STILLED.—

And now to gather up the reins once more. In the immediate past the British Empire has lost three great forces—the Ruler of the Empire, the Prophet of Empire and the Voice of Empire. The passing of Mr. Kipling and of Dame Clara Butt was obscured by our pre-occupation with a greater grief. Though it be "ancient history" now, it merits its record on this page. Almost unnoticed, Rudyard Kipling's ashes were placed in the Valhalla of British literary genius in Westminster Abbey with mourners drawn from leaders in every sphere of national service, including his cousin, and friend and admirer, the Prime Minister. In the Poets' Corner in the Abbey his dust mingles with the dust of greater poets but not of greater genius. For if that ill-used and vague word was ever justly applied, it was in the case of Shakespeare

Queen Mary's Message to the Nation After the Funeral

"I Commend to You My Dear Son"

I must send to you, the people of this Nation and Empire, a message of my deepest gratitude for all the sympathy with which at this time of sorrow you have surrounded me. It is indeed a gratitude so deep that I cannot find words to express it. But the simplest words are the best. I can only say, with all my heart, I thank you. In my own great sorrow I have been upheld not only by the strength of your sympathy, but also by the knowledge that you have shared my grief. For I have been deeply moved by the signs so full and touching that the passing of my dear husband has brought a real sense of personal sorrow to all his subjects. In the midst of my grief I rejoice to think that after his reign of twenty-five years he lived to know that he had received the reward in overflowing measure of the loyalty and love of his people. Although he will be no longer at my side—and no words can tell how I shall miss him—I trust that with God's help I may still be able to continue some part at least of the service which for forty-two years of happy married life we tried together to give to this great land and Empire. During the coming years, with all the changes which they must bring, you will, I know, let me have a place in your thoughts and prayers. I commend to you my dear son as he enters upon his reign, in confident hope that you will give to him the same devotion and loyalty which you gave so abundantly to his father. God bless you, dear people, for all the wonderful love and sympathy with which you have sustained me. MARY.

(whose dust is elsewhere) and of Kipling. For genius in literature surely implies range and bigness and a phenomenal versatility. Kipling possessed a mastery of words in all branches, an insight into the nature of man and beasts, and a grip of the technicalities of machines by which, and with the aid of a super-human imagination, he could make his creations breathe, bring the dead past to life and invest things of steel and stone with human and romantic qualities. Only in the sense, that he gave something precious to every type of mind was he "all things to all men." He was loved and criticised but always respected. A strong, upright, honest, unyielding patriot and lover of Britain. So also was Clara Butt, a typical Englishwoman. Endowed with a great and golden voice, she made herself a supreme artist in her own line by sheer hard work. Her voice could move the mountains of indifference and pre-occupation with petty or selfish considerations. She could and often did inspire her audiences with religious fervour, intense patriotism, and the deepest emotion. None who in youth heard her sing "O rest in the Lord," "Abide with me" or "Land of Hope and Glory" can belittle her powers. For years to come the sound of that voice which is still, will awake again vividly in our memories those emotions she stirred in life. Two other quite notable women died last week. Susan Duchess of Somerset was a woman of character and ability. She was identified with many practical charitable organisations and was an admirable amateur artist. She travelled widely, cared little for comfort or conventions, and expressed her views on social fashions and politics very trenchantly. Her family came from Skye and as Miss MacKinnon she married the fifteenth Duke, then Mr. Algernon St. Maur, sixty years ago. She always spent the autumn in the Highlands. Victoria Lady Sackville was notable for the literary attainments of her daughter Mrs. Harold Nicolson; for her connection with the famous and intricate Sackville peerage cases; and for her own wit and strong eccentric personality.

O.S.—Owen Seaman was a great institution. Like *Punch*, he could not conceivably have belonged to any other nation, even if disguised and translated by men of genius in those lines. He was a master of light verse and of parody, and for decades was our semi-official poet-laureate. A poet-laureate ought to be a lesser bard, and Seaman's occasional odes on State occasions were infinitely better than Tennyson's, having far more facility and aptness and humour, and none of Tennyson's heavy and dreary adulation. But Owen Seaman could be pointed, too, in attack and some of his tilts at national enemies and objectionable social tendencies were devastating. I can speak from experience of his kindness and patience with young literary aspirants. From Oxford days I used to submit my *jeux d'esbrit* to *Punch* and I have still a sheaf of letters in Seaman's handwriting containing hints and corrections of my MSS., long, careful and infinitely patient critiques of puerile efforts at humour and style. I owe him a lot; so does *Punch*; so also (and therefore) does Britain.

BACK TO OUR PROBLEMS AGAIN.

—The truce is over, and we face our problems again. Europe once more is a vast field of anxious speculation —a stubborn field for the cultivation of peace. In the dictator-ruled countries, militarism has attained to new and fearful heights. At home the Ross and Cromarty by-election resumes its discordant note in domestic politics. It was never a question of the personalities of rival candidates. If it were, Mr. Randolph Churchill, for one, would cut a sorry figure beside Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, who has proved his worth with humility and hard work. And if one could assert that it is an "arranged" election, that a "favourite" had been smuggled in by a back door against the known wishes of the local National organisations, one might justifiably complain of Mr. Baldwin's "trickery." But once you accept the truth that Mr. Baldwin is *not* a Conservative, nor an adherent of any but a National party, one must surely agree that he could do no more and no less than support Mr. MacDonald. For if the local Liberal organisation is not as much entitled in its turn to select the National candidate, then National Government is a pure farce, and Mr. Baldwin is but the Master of the Revels. And indeed, this muddled or obstinate view has been held in all too many quarters during five years of National Government. Those who voted Mr. Baldwin back to power only ask him to remain non-party and wholly National and to recruit from the Liberal and Socialist party (not less than from the Conservative) every sound and sane, tried and able man who can pull his weight in the Councils of the State at this critical time. And I shall be surprised if Ross and Cromarty do not see things in that light—for Britain and Civilisation are in great danger still, and narrow and selfish considerations must be laid aside. The Scottish Universities have handsomely returned to Westminster Mr. MacDonald, *père*.

noted four-year-old stallion, Appleton Binder, which was entered in the Shire Horse Society s Islington, came to London this week, as its new owner, King Edward, decided that, in the father's entry should remain. The horse won many prizes for his late Majesty

PITY MR. BALDWIN?—

It is as easy to pity as to criticise Mr. Baldwin to-day. The face of things looks gloomy still. I am certain we should neither criticise nor pity but support the man we gave the helm to, only yesterday. If he has our support, he has no need of our pity, for still, as of old, it is an enviable task (whatever the difficulties ahead) to guide the destinies of a united and not down-hearted Britain. The difficulties ahead need not, and cannot be, minimised. Japan has dished the naval conference and we are indeed now engaged on what is called a "race in armaments," but may be more justly termed the restoration of our bare minimum for national defence. It must take time and, until it is accomplished, we must face one more unpalatable fact—we must turn our face from the policy which honour, morality and (ultimately) self-interest demand, and we must mark time, temporise, and compromise. The "aggressor" (whatever his excuses and grievances, and I incline to think most of us have under-rated or forgotten them) must have his way or be left to the judgment of God and Time. At the moment we dare not try again to be an instrument of that justice. We have drawn our horns in, we have withdrawn our outposts and our immediate task is to consolidate the home front. Wrap it up as you please, those appear to be the bald facts for Mr. Baldwin's attention. One relief has been granted him. The threatened coal-strike is averted pro tem. and feeling is happier in the industry. But there's "aye anither."

20, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

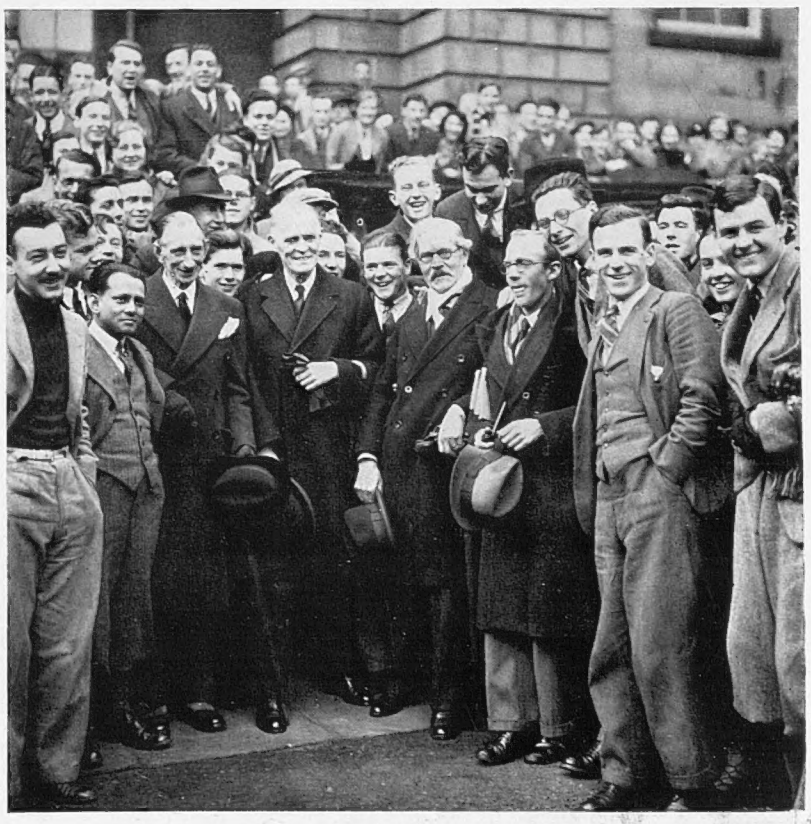
—What will be the last phase in the history of No. 20 in St. James's Square? Commercial or residential? A club, a shop, or a warehouse? It is one of Robert Adam's most perfect London houses. He built it to the order of Sir Watkin Wynn, that prince of the Marches, in 1771, and Angelica Kauffman was called in to design painted ceilings. And there they still remain, a little dingier than I could wish. It was in this house that the Duchess of York (henceforth to be named in the prayer for the Royal Family) learned to walk and to dance, to spell and read, and in the big drawing-room, when balls were given for her elder sisters, she would appear, a tiny figure, very composed and dignified, with of course an immense following of devoted admirers, longing for a smile of recognition. When Lord Strathmore left it and removed to Bruton Street, Hampton's took it over and of course treated it as gently as might be. But it was bitter to see glass partitions spoiling temporarily the symmetry of the rooms and other inevitable introductions into the scheme which business required. What now? I suppose there is no rich man left to save it from the fate of Lansdowne House and the rest? Would that it were so conveniently sited that it might come back to the family which best adorned it and loved it, and become once more the home of the Duchess of York. But no. There are so many Royal residences, and No. 20 will remain in thrall to commerce, though not to juggernaut commerce.

VOLLARD BLOWS THE GAFF.

—In his *Recollections of a Picture Dealer* Ambroise Vollard holds up the mirror to human folly and ignorance in the field of art criticism and connoisseurship. I am sure his amusing memoirs of Renoir, Cézanne, and Degas will amuse the public as they amuse me. I confess I found more malicious pleasure in the showing-up of connoisseurs and all the business of art criticism than in the more personal elements of his book. How I hope that someone as amusing and widely experienced will hold up the mirror to British connoisseurship also. Because, after all, art criticism is the greatest scream, the greatest gamble, the greatest comedy among human claims to judgment in the æsthetic and intellectual field. In Paris only two years ago a set of joke-pictures, daubed one night round a schoolroom table (cubes, old boots, and so forth) was given a "show," and took in most of the Paris élite. (And even now we know not that Degas and Cézanne and the rest will all survive as immortals.)

THE OLD STAGER

In the second memorial number of THE SPHERE, which was published on February 1, a picture appeared



THE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL WINS HIS FIGHT: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the National Government candidate, pictured with some of his supporters after the declaration of the poll in the Scottish Universities by-election in which he was returned to Parliament with a majority of 7,359 over Professor A. Dewar Gibb, the Scottish Nationalist. Mr. MacDonald lost his seat at the General Election when he was defeated at Seaham by Mr. Shinwell, the former Parliamentary Secretary to the Department of Mines

of King Edward VIII visiting the Dunlop Rubber Company's factory at Fort Dunlop, Birmingham, in 1923, but unfortunately the inscription beneath stated that it was the occasion of a visit to Messrs. Vickers', an error which we now hasten to correct.

PICTORIA

MEMORIES OF 1929 RECALLED: Large crowds attended a memorial service for George V, which was held last Sunday at Craigweil House, Bognor Regis, where the late King stayed during convalescence after his illness seven years ago. Many were unable to gain admittance, and this picture shows them standing on the lawns listening to the relay through loud speakers

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE: Lieutenant J. M. [illegible] far as Darjeeling), Dr. Noel Humphreys, a[illegible] form the advance party of the 1936 Mou[illegible] this week for the East. The assault on t[illegible]

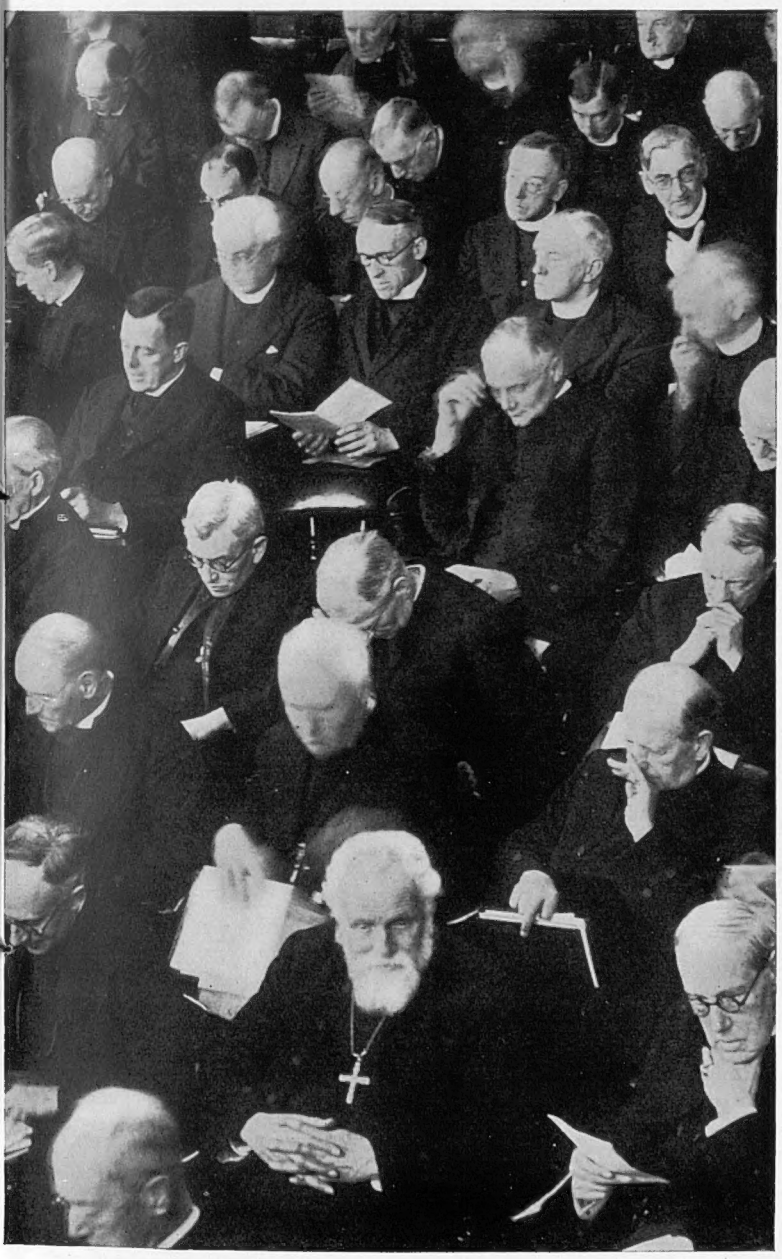
A LONDON BEAUTY SPOT IN DANGER: Richmond Hill is subsiding at the rate of inches a day and these steps in the Terrace Gardens have been dislodged by the enormous weight of earth behind them. Workmen have tried several different ways of checking this movement, but even the building of a concrete pier has had little or no effect and a number of magnificent trees are now said to be imperilled. The cause of the trouble is, of course, the abnormal rains of the past few months

AUSTRIA'S MAN OF THE MOMENT: Prince Starhemberg, the Vice-Chancellor, pictured at his London hotel during his visit to England last week for the Royal funeral. On Monday he was in Paris, and took part in the series of conversations which, it is reported, had as their central theme the question of a Habsburg restoration

SURVEY

Gavin, Mrs. Humphreys (who is to travel as Mr. Hugh Ruttledge (the leader), who Everest Expedition, and who left London giant peak will be made in May and June

"TILL BIRNHAM WOOD DO COME TO DUNSANANE": The 3rd King's Own Hussars is the first cavalry regiment mechanised under the big three-year plan announced by the War Office, and the men are pictured here on parade at Tidworth with their camouflaged steel "steeds." The latter differ considerably from ordinary armoured cars and can negotiate rough country at great speeds



CLERICS IN CONCLAVE: A scene at the opening of the Spring Session of the Church Assembly which was held this week at Church House, Westminster, under the chairmanship of the Archbishop of Canterbury who before proceeding to matters on the agenda, made the proposal that a loyal address be sent to King Edward, conveying the sympathy of all the members

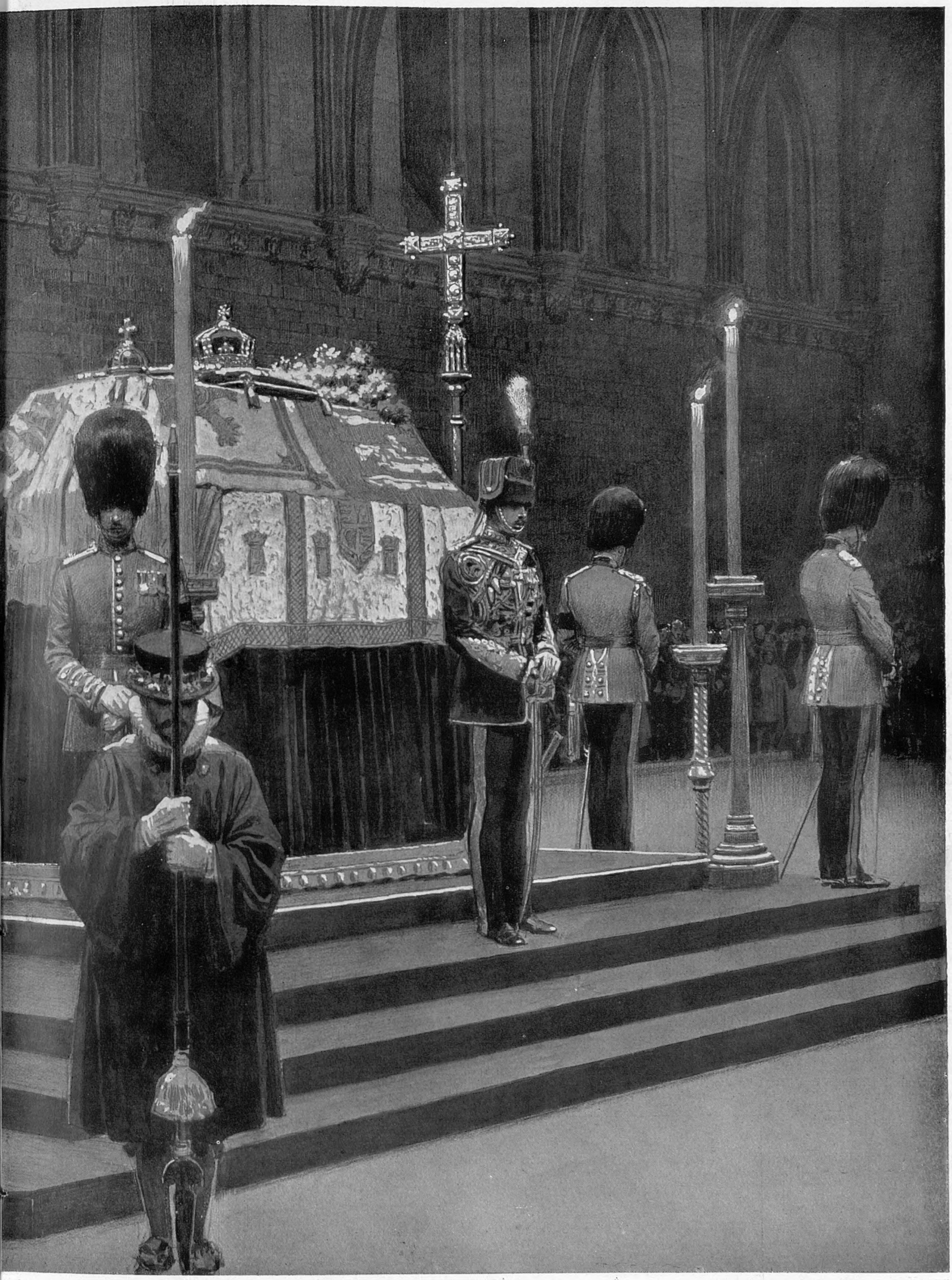
". . . HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD": Mr. Gualamalla G. Merchant, Vice-President of the All-India Committee, operating the scales as he weighed the Aga Khan in gold bullion—one of the many picturesque ceremonies carried out in Bombay last month on the occasion of His Highness's golden jubilee as a religious leader. The movement on the part of his followers, the Ismailians, or Ismailahs, to celebrate this event sprang up quite spontaneously

H.M. the King

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent

THE KING AND HIS BROTHERS KEEP VIGIL IN WESTMINSTER HALL

A Special "Sphere" Drawing by Fortunino Matania Showing the Dramatic Scene During the Last Hours of the Lying-in-State of George V



H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester *H.R.H. the Duke of York*

The passing of King George was the prelude to eight days of the most solemn ceremonial—ceremonial in which the whole nation shared and which had its climax in the simple but intensely moving burial service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Many would aver, however, that transcending all else was the action of our new King and his three brothers in going to Westminster Hall on the last night of the lying-in-state and keeping vigil before the coffin of their father, voluntarily submitting to yet another ordeal in a week of intense stress and, in so doing, paying homage in a fashion that touched the hearts of the thousands who were privileged to witness it. This one act alone, which Fortunino Matania here depicts with characteristic skill, may be said indeed to epitomise King Edward's whole attitude during these days of mourning, and it was characteristic of him that he should request specially that the crowds should be allowed to continue to file past the catafalque while he was in the hall. His Majesty wore the full dress uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Welsh Guards. The Dukes of York and Gloucester were also in army uniform, while the Duke of Kent was in the uniform of a naval commander. The four brothers stood motionless for twenty minutes, their heads bent, and their hands on the pommels of their swords

FACETS OF THE ROYAL OCTAVE

A Special Section Dealing with Certain Aspects of the Great Events of the Eight Days Between the Death and Burial of George V, Some of which have Hitherto been Unrecorded

How the World at Large Mourned the Passing of the King

FROM the four corners of the earth have come the most abundant evidences of the high esteem in which King George was held, and on this page are reproduced a few of the hosts of tributes paid following his passing—some of them picturesquely worded, others phrased more formally, but all bearing the stamp of the deepest sincerity.

From the Tashi Lama, who ranks next to the Dalai Lama in the Tibetan hierarchy, came an expression of regret that King George "should have ascended on high in the Dragon Chariot."

In India a remarkable leading article in the *Bombay Chronicle*, a Nationalist organ, stated: "His Majesty proved himself fully worthy of the part he was called upon to play. His death was not the death of an ordinary monarch. He had showed that it was possible for a monarch to flourish side by side with a free parliamentary Constitution, but that monarch must be a George V, at once the father and the servant of his people."

Of the Sovereigns of the world to express their regrets, Emperor Haile Selassie of Abyssinia was among the first. "It is with immense sorrow," he stated, "that I learned of the death of King George of England. When he entertained us during our visits to London in 1924 we had the opportunity to appreciate greatly his immense virtues. We have seen that under him Great Britain continued to progress and make felt throughout the world her power for good. Upon his accession your great King addressed an assurance to an Abyssinian delegation, which we shall never forget—that Britain 'will take care of the peace of your frontiers and will never interfere with your independence and your integrity.' The whole of Abyssinia shares in the mourning which has struck your Royal house, the British peoples, and all the peoples who have had the honour of watching the prosperous development of your nation under the wise direction of a great King."

Sir Robert Borden, the distinguished Canadian statesman, was another who voiced the feelings of his countrymen: "A friend of peace," he said, "and an exemplar of good will to all mankind, our King has passed, and upon the Empire rests a shadow of profound sorrow which will extend beyond its borders. Nurtured in the ideal and tradition of duty, the King deemed himself from the first the servant of his people. To this fine conception of service he was faithful throughout his reign. He regarded the peoples of the Empire, diverse in race, creed, faith, and outlook, as one united and inspiring brotherhood."

From Hyderabad a *firman* was issued by the Nizam, ordering the postponement of his Silver Jubilee celebrations until October and stating that "His late Majesty's reign will ever be remembered in the annals of the world for the peace, comfort, and welfare it brought to his people and the success and stability it brought the Empire."

Australia, too, paid her tributes in overflowing measure, as indeed did every Dominion, Crown Colony, and State in the British Commonwealth of Nations, and particularly striking were the expressions of sorrow from the Orange Free State, one of the rallying points of the Afrikaans-speaking Republicans. Voicing the feelings of the population of this part of the Union the Bloemfontein *Friend* stated—"This paper recalls that the people of South Africa had the most complete faith in the King when the Imperial Conference was reshaping Constitutional practice in 1926. A King with fewer qualities might easily have made the transition to Dominion status difficult, perhaps, impossible, but George V was acceptable as King of South Africa by Republicans as well as by Monarchists; all realised that he ruled not by force but by character."

New Zealand, also, sent its messages of grief, and perhaps most touching of all was the statement of the Maori leader in which he referred, in the colourful phraseology of his race, to King George as "the sheltering tree" and to "the piercing winds that now sweep across the courtyard."

On the Continent of Europe, too, there were tens of thousands who took King George's death as much as a personal loss as did the people of the Empire, and the following paragraphs by a correspondent of THE SPHERE give some idea of the depth of this feeling.

The historian Motley, writing of a great Dutch ruler, ended with this most perfect sentence: "While he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets."

What Motley wrote of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, is true of George the Fifth. Here on the Continent one feels with a peculiar intensity the influence he had, not only directly within the Empire he ruled, but indirectly on the peoples and institutions of the whole world. The loss, one feels, is universal.

It is but slight exaggeration to say: while he lived all men were monarchists. It is not even slight exaggeration to say that while he lived the institution of monarchy, whatever its buffetings in the winds of political experiment, was a thing of true majesty and nobility. It was not the institution which justified the man, but the man who justified the institution.

To the exiled Englishman, cast among strange peoples, that fact is brought home perhaps more poignantly than to those who have known only his gentle rulership. How many times during the last ten days have I heard from men of divers nationalities, comments upon King George V in which this urgent prayer seemed to me to be implied: "*Had we but such a King!*"

It is a matter for joyous pride that we are envied by many of the peoples of Europe because a great gentleman, a wise ruler, and a good man has been there to inspire our affections and win our glad service for a quarter of a century; that is better than being envied for our great possessions. The joy of the exile in that discovery fills him with but deeper gratitude for the King whose goodness outran the sway of his sceptre.

I was in Holland when the King died. It seemed to me that the Dutch people received the news with a sense of personal loss. The newspapers gave most of their space to accounts of his death and good works. The broadcasting programmes were at once subdued to the solemnity of the event. Even the common people when they met together spoke in quiet tones of the death of the *Engelsche Koning*. One felt, he was their friend too. One felt that George V had personified a virtue rarely found in the rulers of men—the virtue of true goodness, which is dearer to the hearts of men than the most astounding brilliance.

My tobacconist in a village close to the Zuyder Zee, said: "Ach, M'n'eer, it is a blessing to common folks like us to know there can be such men above us."

In Brussels, two days later, a well-known literary senator made this remark; "We with King Albert, you with King George, have provided an argument for the monarchy that will

(Continued on p. 272)

THREE FOREIGN PAPERS THAT FEATURED THE ROYAL PASSING: The front covers of *Vu* (*left*) and *L'Illustration* (*centre*), two notable Paris weeklies, and of *Die Woche* (*right*), a popular Berlin journal, as they appeared in the days following the King's death

SYMPATHY FROM HOLLAND: The frontispiece of *Het Leven*, a Dutch illustrated weekly that devoted no fewer than nine pages to George V and Edward VIII

VIGIL AT THE GATES OF SANDRINGHAM: A striking double-page spread that appeared in the special number of the French journal *Vu*

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT HER GRANDFATHER'S FUNERAL

Nine-year-old Princess Elizabeth, who stands next in succession to the throne after her father, the Duke of York, was the youngest of all the Royal mourners who were present last week at the funeral in St. George's, Windsor, and she was dressed simply in a black beret and coat, and not heavily veiled like her elders. On the left she is seen in a group ascending the steps of the chapel, and on the right with her head bowed as she stood in the choir during the service

LISTING THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO SENT FLORAL TRIBUTES: Officials of the Lord Chamberlain's department at work on the lawns of Windsor Castle, where the thousands of wreaths were displayed before and after the funeral—an array that stretched like a carpet of colour round the chapel buildings, filling the rain-drenched air with exquisite perfumes. Many of the tributes were as much as 6 ft. high, while others consisted of nothing more than a small bunch of flowers, and they were offerings from all parts of the world; from foreign sovereigns and heads of States; from every Dominion and Colony of the British Commonwealth; from Indian Princes; from hosts of cities and towns of the United Kingdom; and from countless associations and private individuals

THE SOLID PHALANX OF BLUE : And the Great Silence Observed in London

THE WONDERFUL ALIGNMENT OF THE NAVAL GUN CREWS AROUSED THE ADMIRATION OF ALL

King George's career in the Service, during which he displayed such remarkable ability as a commander, endeared him to all ranks, and justly earned him the title of "The Sailor King," and it was therefore only fitting that the Navy should play a more prominent part in the funeral than the Army or the Air Force. On the day after the burial the following message of congratulation from the Admiralty to the Fleet was contained in the Portsmouth Port Orders. It stated: "Having regard to the short time available for practice, their Lordships are well satisfied with the appearance, bearing, and drill of the Royal Navy, Royal Marines, and Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve contingents in London and Windsor who took part in the funeral ceremonies of His Late Majesty King George V. The precision with which the movements ordered by the time-table were carried out reflects credit on unit commanders. Their Lordships consider that the appearance and standard of march-drill achieved by the gun crews of *Pembroke* and *Excellent* not only deserve special commendations, but must be regarded in every respect as worthy of the great privilege accorded to the Navy." King Edward VIII also sent a message to the Senior Service congratulating the men "on their fine bearing on this solemn occasion"

"AND ALL THE AIR A SOLEMN STILLNESS HOLDS": The impressive scene in Piccadilly Circus where vast crowds assembled for the two minutes silence at 1.30, the moment at which, if arrangements had run to schedule, the coffin was to have been lowered into the vaults of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Despite this hitch, however, the occasion lost nothing of its solemnity. Many drivers, it will be noted, got out and stood beside their cars

LONDON'S RECORD CROWD

The Problems of Controlling a Vast Throng such as that which came to Witness the Royal Funeral

A CAMERA RECORD OF LAST WEEK'S BIG POLICE PROBLEMS: A typical scene on the route of the funeral procession when hundreds of thousands of Londoners came to pay homage to their dead king and were present in such unprecedented numbers that the police were unable to keep the cordons intact, the throng in some places, notably in Piccadilly and at Marble Arch, encroaching on the road and leaving only just sufficient room for the cortège to pass. It was partly for this reason that the funeral was seriously delayed, being 33 mins. late at Paddington; and as a result it was arranged on Wednesday of last week that enquiries should be held at Scotland Yard, the Home Office, and the office of the Earl Marshal with a view to preventing future State ceremonies from being similarly retarded. It appears that in making the original arrangements for the barriers along the route it was estimated by the authorities that the crowds would be similar to those on Jubilee day, but they turned out to be infinitely greater

JOINT GUARDIANS OF THE ROUTE—KEEPING THE THRONG IN CHECK IN ST. JAMES'S STREET: Immediately after leaving the lying-in-state at Westminster Hall in the early hours of Tuesday morning, many people took up their positions at this point, and by the time the funeral came past the crowd was so great that the line of grey-coated Guardsmen was scarcely adequate to hold it. The military, it should be mentioned had full authority to assist in keeping the way clear

A CASUALTY AT HYDE PARK CORNER: Receiving treatment from an ambulance man on an island in the centre of the road after being removed from the press. So densely were the people packed here that there were hosts of cases of fainting, particularly among those who had had an all-night wait with very little food to sustain them

NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN SCENES IN PICCADILLY

CARS MAROONED BY THE CROWDS AT 9 a.m.

The Seething Multitude in Piccadilly

From 8 a.m. onwards on the day of the King's funeral Piccadilly presented a scene of incredible confusion, and it is a tribute to the good temper of the crowds and the calm deliberation of the police that order was restored before the procession was due to pass. In this dramatic picture a great line of vehicles is seen hemmed in by the people who themselves were struggling vainly to reach vantage points on neighbouring buildings, while to left and right can be discerned the cordon of troops which by this time was almost completely engulfed and was at some points being subjected to very heavy pressure. There were numerous cases of fainting here—not a few of them grown men—and there was hardly a minute when the ambulance workers were not busy. The size of the crowds may be gathered from the fact that on May 6, 1935—Jubilee Day—the London Passenger Transport Board carried 2,000,000 people over a period of nineteen hours, while for the funeral they carried the same number before noon and in a highly concentrated area.

AND AT MARBLE ARCH : Further Striking Crowd Pictures Taken on the Route of the Royal Funeral Procession

HUMANITY EN MASSE: Another impression of Piccadilly, showing the people completely overrunning the processional route and cutting off the progress of the line of traffic. By skilful management on the part of the Metropolitan police the cars were eventually disentangled, and the crowd was slowly but firmly pressed back towards the pavements—an operation that resulted in a number of casualties

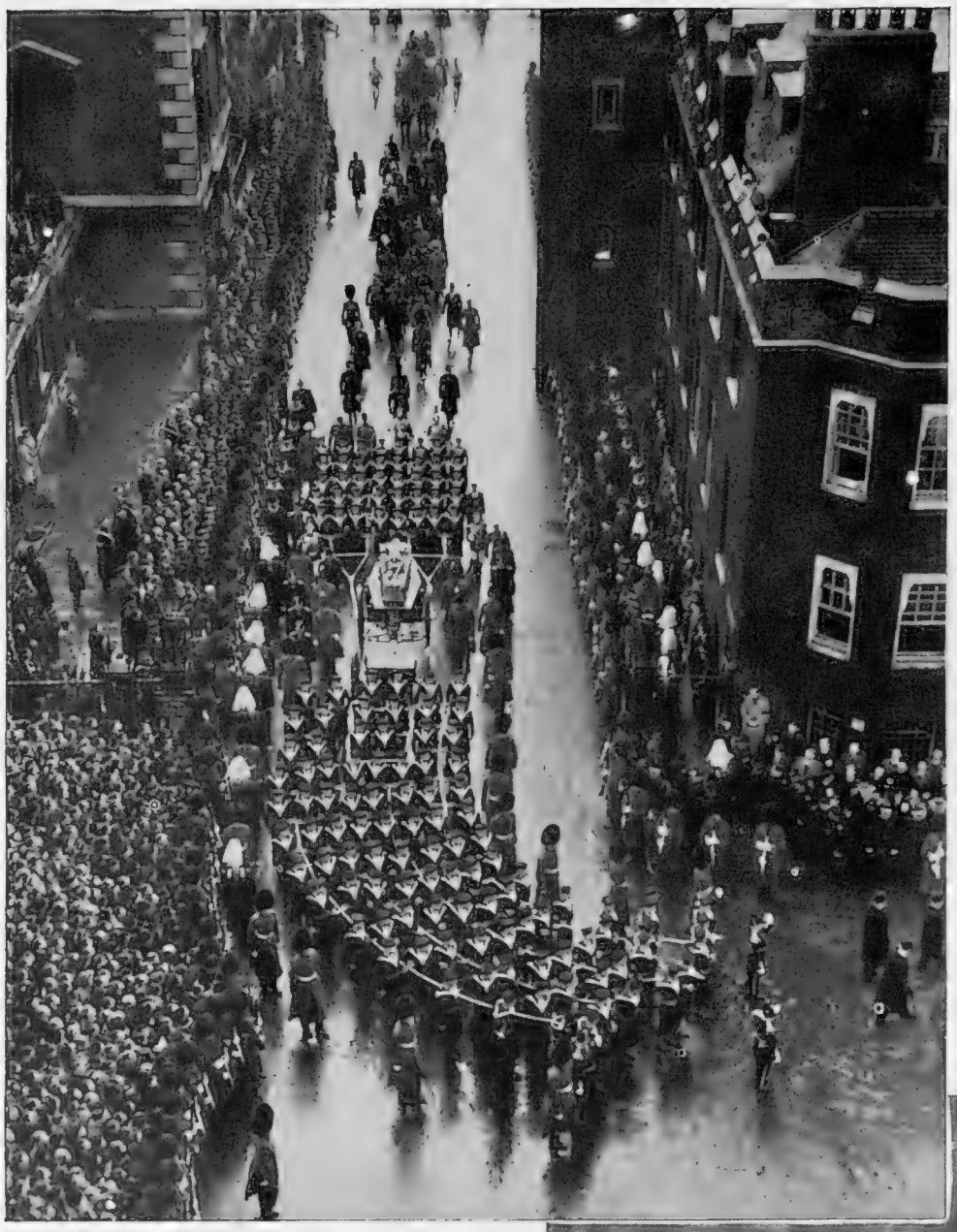
MARSHALLING THE SPECTATORS AT HYDE PARK CORNER: A mounted policeman directing operations at the end of Piccadilly, near the Quadriga. Here, as elsewhere, both the crowd and police showed great good humour, but considerable force had to be exercised in the last stages before the route could be finally cleared

THE SURGING THRONG AT MARBLE ARCH: By 9 o'clock the whole broad space, save only a narrow curving ribbon of grey road, was solidly wedged by a swaying, straining mass of people, and when the procession approached it was seen that the naval crew hauling the gun-carriage had only just sufficient room to pass

WHERE THE PRESSURE WAS TOO GREAT: The line of troops temporarily broken at Marble Arch as the crowds behind were swollen still further by the arrival of more spectators from the Underground and from side streets. *On left*—The bulging line of troops in Piccadilly where, as at Marble Arch, there was only just room for the procession to pass and much time was lost by the consequent slowing up. These sinuosities in the route made it difficult for the marching men to keep well together

THE THRONGED METROPOLIS

Further Aspects of the Funeral Crowd



A HALT AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE: At this point the naval crew drawing the gun-carriage was compelled to come to a standstill largely because the members of the procession following behind were not marching at the regulation sixty paces to the minute, and gaps had thus developed between front and rear. This picture is also of unusual interest, in that it shows the crowd (*left*) bellying out into the roadway, and (*right*) Beefeaters and Gentlemen at Arms making a detour behind the military cordon as there was evidently no room for them to pass on the roadway itself. The three top-hatted figures in the foreground on the right are King George's valets, Mr. W. Crisp and Mr. S J. Miller, and the Superintendent of His Majesty's Wardrobe, Mr. R. Howlett. (*In right*—AFTER THE BARRIERS WERE SHUT IN WHITEHALL: Would-be spectators turned away on the cordons. Many will be surprised to hear that at King Edward's funeral 35,000 troops lined the streets, while last week nearly treble the number were employed

KEEPING IN TOUCH: A wireless car in St. James's Street employed in synchronising the start of each unit in the mile-long procession. This work was done jointly by the Middlesex Yeomanry (Territorial Army), and the Regular Army

WHERE THE BARRICADES WERE CLOSED AT 8 A.M.: The scene near St. James's Palace after the gates had been shut to prevent any further pressure

IRELAND AND THE ACCESSION PROCLAMATION

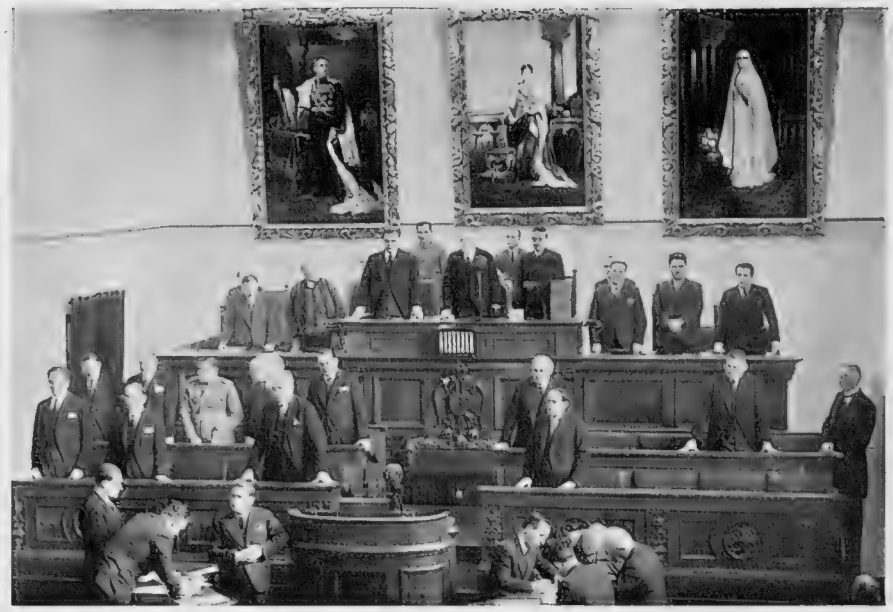
THE PROCLAMATION OF THE ACCESSION OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V IN 1910: A reproduction from a painting by the distinguished artist, H. Harris Brown, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1911 and shows Ulster King-of-Arms (Major Sir Nevile Wilkinson, K.C.V.O.) making the announcement in the streets of Dublin, and riding behind him Dublin Herald Major Guillamore O'Grady. On the accession of our new King there was no ceremony of this character in the Irish Free State capital on account, of course, of the existing political situation, but Sir Nevile took part in last week's Royal funeral

STATELY CEREMONIAL IN ULSTER'S CAPITAL: On January 24 the accession of King Edward VIII was publicly proclaimed by the Governor of Northern Ireland (the Duke of Abercorn) and the picture on the right shows the scene as the announcement was made at the Parliament House, Stormont, Belfast, in the presence of members of the Senate, the House of Commons, and the lieutenants and deputy-lieutenants, while the picture on the left was taken as the salute of twenty-one guns was fired by a battery of the Royal Artillery. The day of the funeral was celebrated as a day of mourning throughout the six counties, Government and civic offices were closed, school-children were given a holiday, shops were shut, and most business houses were closed for at least two hours

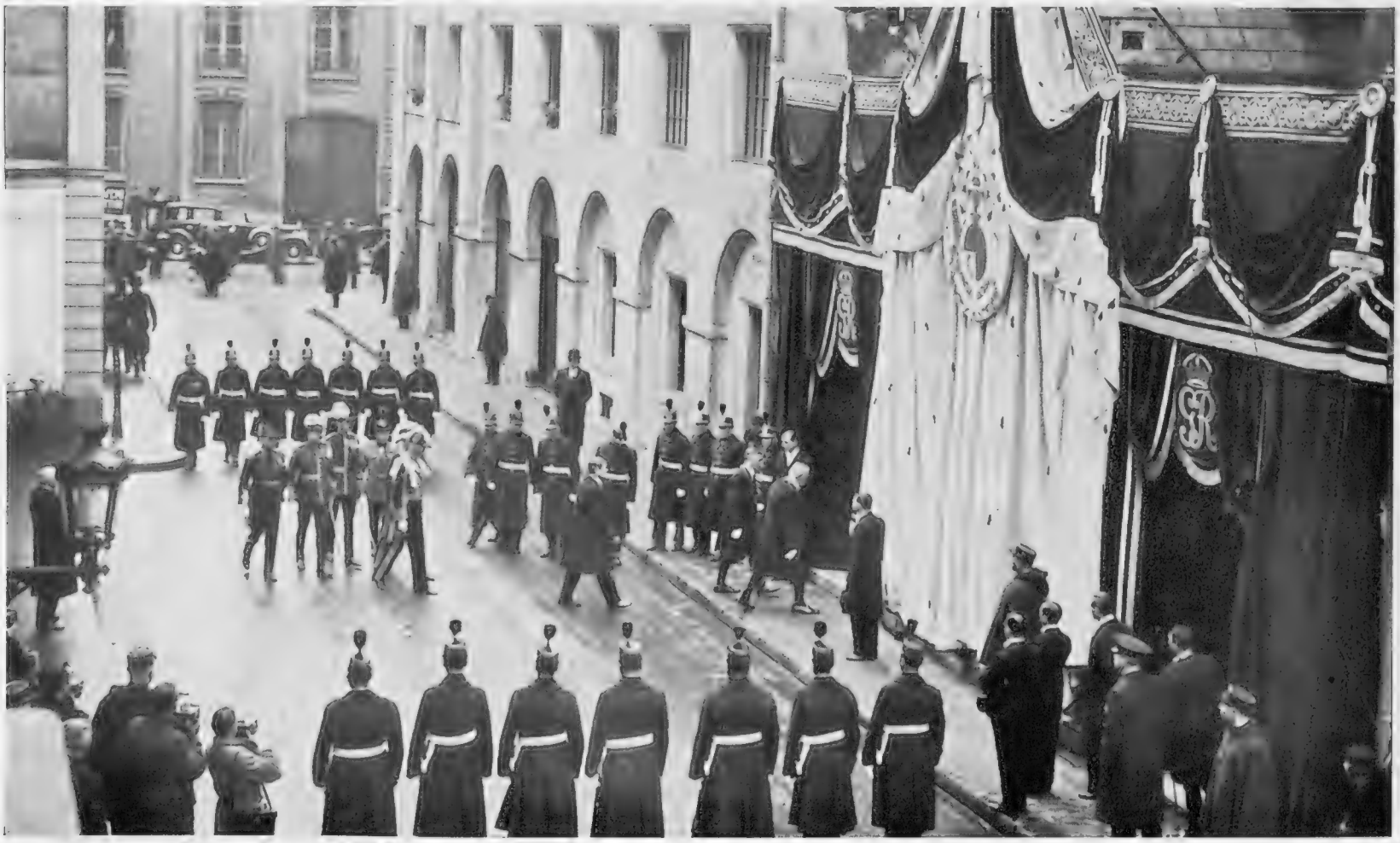
THREE FOREIGN POWERS THAT SHARED BRITAIN'S GRIEF

Germany, France, and Yugoslavia Mourn George V

BERLIN REMEMBERS: Ex-Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria (*above*), who is now in his 75th year; General Göring (*centre*), Premier of Prussia, and his wife; and Chancellor Hitler (*right*) pictured as they left St. George's, the church of the English colony, after attending a memorial service for King George V. The Führer, who was accompanied by Herr Meissner, Secretary of State in the Presidial Chancery, was received on arrival by Sir Eric Phipps, the British Ambassador, and Dr. S. F. N. Gie, the South African Minister, while other prominent personalities present were Herr Hess, Dr. Goebbels, General von Blomberg, Herr Darré, Dr. Frank, Frau Schacht, General von Fritsch (Commander-in-Chief of the Army), and Prince August Wilhelm (representing the House of Hohenzollern)



IN THE YUGOSLAVIAN PARLIAMENT: The Speaker and Ministers pictured just after they had observed a two minutes silence for King George



PARIS PAYS HOMAGE: Sir George Clerk, British Ambassador (*centre of roadway*), about to pass through the Guard of Honour at the entrance to the British Embassy Church, which was adorned with black and silver hangings, and at which a memorial service for King George was held at 11 a.m. on January 28 in the presence of a distinguished congregation, including Madame Lebrun, wife of the President of the Republic; Queen Amélie of Portugal; Princess Nicholas of Greece, mother of the Duchess of Kent; Princess Sixtus of Bourbon-Parma; Marshal Pétain; Marshal Franchet d'Esperey; M. Laval; and M. Sarraut, the Premier. The Bourse and schools in the capital and the provinces were closed for the day, while memorial services were also held in some of the larger towns and cities

Drawn for "The Sphere" by A. E. Cooper

CEREMONIAL IN WESTMINSTER HALL

Two of the Officers of Arms, whose dress was the quartered arms of the United Kingdom, pacing across Westminster Hall to await the arrival of King George's body when it was brought from Sandringham House. Their walk, which resembles a stately glide, was eerily impressive

THE HERALDS and GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS

How They have Played Their Parts During the Days of Mourning

"AMID THE COLD SILENCE OF DEATH"

Members of His Majesty's Bodyguard of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms standing with reversed halberds before the bier in Westminster Hall during the lying-in-state of our late King. This section of the Sovereign's bodyguard was established in the reign of Henry VIII, and it now consists of retired officers of the regular army. Upon all State occasions it is the guard nearest the person of the Sovereign

PAGEANTRY AT WINDSOR: Chester Herald, Richmond Herald, Lancaster Herald, Somerset Herald, Clarenceux King-of-Arms, Lyon King-of-Arms, Norroy King-of-Arms, Ulster King-of-Arms, and Garter King-of-Arms, in last week's funeral procession. *On right*—Garter King-of-Arms (Sir Gerald Woolaston) pronouncing the styles of both the dead and the living King at the close of the burial service

THE ASTONISHING LAVAL

An Account of the Man and His Methods

A Minister in the Talleyrand Tradition

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHETHER Pierre Laval has quitted the forefront of the world's stage for good is a subject of controversy. Instructed opinion varies. It would seem on the face of things that no post-war French Premier's policy has flopped more glaringly. Laval's many hundred decree-laws, aimed principally at maintaining a further deflation as remedy for economic chaos and crisis of the first magnitude, have only succeeded in making the position worse, as indeed they were bound to do—any tyro in international affairs could have foretold as much. As for the late Premier's other tour-de-force, his personal foreign policy, persevered in with a sans-gêne that at times left one near to gasping, it has (whatever may be said) been radically reversed at the first possible opportunity. Still, we have to remember that we are dealing with the curious Third Republic, the resilience of whose discredited politicians has before now been demonstrated. Laval may be living to fight another day.

However that should devolve, there can be no two opinions on a second matter, to wit, the diplomatic performance Laval put up all through 1935 and into the present year, for nothing like it, by a leading Foreign Minister, can have been visited before on modern Europe. Laval the Auvergne peasant added new tricks and capers to the cunning craft of Richelieu and Talleyrand. His innovations in diplomatic finesse will long be remembered at the Quai d'Orsay and beyond it. Now that the chief protagonist has lapsed into a mere senatorial fauteuil, something "can be told"; indeed it is entirely indicated that something *should* be told in as much as Franco-British relations are intimately concerned. It is necessary that we realise the sort of person Laval was, and the methods he resorted to, if the still heavyish air is further to be cleared.

Examination of Laval is no less profitable viewed from the standpoint of the general darkening European drama. Why wonder at our being in so ghastly a mess when such as he are suffered to impose, single-handedly, the foreign policy of the strongest Continental Power? Many laughed long at L.G.'s not knowing where Teschen was. Laval didn't know the name of the Pontiff he was calling on a year ago. It is tragic when you think of it; think of the scores of millions in every stratum who only want to be happy in Europe, and of the mediocrity, and worse, of some of their leaders.

How did Laval happen? Of the soil soily, you will doubtless know that he pushed a barrow for his father's general store in an Auvergne village, and that the boy read and read, anything he could get hold of, as he pushed. That must have been in the early 'nineties. Some years later, an ambitious young man of forbidding appearance was able by grim tenacity to make his bow as 2nd grade teacher at the Lyon *lycée* where Edouard Herriot was already a shining light. Herriot warmed to the young colleague who shared so fierily his "Left" views (it was Dreyfus-time). Laval, for his part, was soon mapping out the future. He would read for the law and enter Parliament that way. He was a red-hot socialist, almost a communist. But that was to aid him—greatly.

For Laval had a recipe. Broadly it was this: to kick off by becoming known as an extremist demagogue and subsequently to veer over to the defence of the existing social order on the knowledge and certitude that such "converts" are invariably hymned by forces of the Right as the possessors of rare political acumen . . and more than encouraged in their jobs as barrister or anything else.

It was so with Laval. Mind you, he did things thoroughly. So extreme was he, bordering on the revolutionary, that on the outbreak of war in 1914 his was one of two parliamentary names marked for instant preventive-arrest. The thirty-five-year-old deputy figured on "Carnet B," issued by the Ministry of the Interior, and Laval would have been taken to the Santé but for the good offices of his generous-hearted admirer of earlier days, Herriot. The escape was not, however, to deter Laval in the pursuit of his fixed aim. He continued as an extreme international socialist during the conflict, attending, among other things, the rallies at Zimmerwald and at Kienthal, where Lenin "betrayed more than a passing interest in the Frenchman's grim, wild features, disordered black locks, and yellow, oily complexion." Laval later tried to get to the Stockholm Conference to meet the triumphant Bolsheviks.

A WORD IN CONFIDENCE: M. Laval greeted at the Gare de Lyon on returning to Paris from one of his many Geneva trips

Such was the Laval that emerged from the war. As if to cap matters, he became mayor of the "reddish" Paris suburb of St. Denis. He even broke with the Socialist Party because it would not agree to a regular connection with Lenin.

Yet the sands of extremeness were swiftly running out—all, it is insisted, according to plan. In the early 'twenties Laval gradually shifted his ground until he came to be nearer the Centre of the Chamber than the Left. And, simultaneously with this metamorphosis, work steadily accumulated for Laval-the-lawyer. It was now that he laid the foundations of the fortune he has to-day, said to be the largest ever amassed by a politician in so short a while. The defenders of the existing order saw that fat briefs never lacked. Their reasoning was simple and direct: here was one hailing from the revolutionary ranks who could be counted upon to tame the subversive elements.

Laval became Prime Minister for the first time five years ago, chiefly on the strength of a reputation as negotiator with Labour. He did precious little while in office save sit tight on France's money-bags—the period was French prosperity apogee though all others had already been hit—but circumstances summoned back the tough Auvergnat of the perpetual white tie (cheap and easy to wash) in 1934 and '35. For Laval had developed into France's champion intriguer, jockeyer, manipulator, manœuvrer, and that was what was wanted if a Government was to be set up that would last. Laval could "make the combine." Never mind how. He could wangle things. And men. The fact that this man was ignorant, or that he envisaged but one main way of furthering policy, namely, by the abundant use of money, did not arise.

Laval was a born "settler" and transferred to politics the methods that had won him big dividends at the Bar—where, in passing, he never appeared if he could possibly help it. His fat fees were earned as far away from the Court as possible. Laval never could speak in public and it is said he did not argue a dozen cases in the courts throughout his legal career. Similarly, in the Chamber or Senate, he reads anything he has to say from a typewritten sheet and then hurriedly withdraws, leaving his audience with one or two telling phrases to ponder. Laval is mediocrity itself, with one reservation. He has, to quote knowledgeable Pertinax, "a strong sense of material realities." And the way it takes this shrewd peasant is for him "to go by the rule that money is the supreme ruler of human affairs . . . he has made himself much too subservient to this notion."

Whereat it is meet to interpolate a fateful date—January 7, 1935, on which day Laval met Mussolini in Rome and put his golden rule No. 1 into practice. Which is (or was): "To arrive at an understanding with friends is of small account to me. I am mainly interested in reaching an agreement with enemies." The dangerous futility, even brainlessness, of such a remark did not penetrate the Laval skull, and he was immensely angered when later someone pointed out to him that in theory it might sound all right, but where was the advantage in abusing the friendship of the friend England in order to acquire the dubious good-will of an Italian Dictator? In his own soul Laval had answer to that. He wanted, and even now still hopes to be the French Mussolini, standing in with Hitler and the Duce in an omnipotent Continental Fascist bloc. All his slippery conduct (mildly put)! derives from this one ambition. Here is some secret history—

In Rome, Laval gave Mussolini some trifling desert in order to throw its sand in the eyes of the European public. His real gift was carte blanche to go ahead in Abyssinia "and leave the English to me." This was verbal. But the Duce likes such things on paper. Laval's permanent officials refused point blank to set it down, as requested, even as ordered. And from that day Laval was at war with these officials. That France behaved even as well as she did over Sanctions, etc., at Geneva, can be attributed solely to these officials who dragged Laval on whenever they possibly could—like dragging an eel, but in the end they did it. How difficult was the job may be guessed from some of the methods resorted to by the head of the Government. Laval did little less than create a shadow diplomatic body of queer outsiders recruited exclusively to further his own personal plan, which clashed directly with the official policy of the country. That was how Laval came to have two contradictory policies; one officially conducted over the board, as with Mr. Eden, the other under it, secretly, by such as Monsieur X and Monsieur Y, sent out to "probe" in foreign capitals.

Laval once said to Pertinax on one heated occasion: "Tell the truth in England and in America if you like. But, in Paris, you must not impair the authority of the Minister of Foreign Affairs!"

"Apart from his lack of knowledge," adds P., in relating the above, "another characteristic of the man is his very special manner of withstanding pressure from without. At first he resists it; then he gives way; finally, he attempts to recoup, if he can, by gently slipping away from the pledge which was wrung from him. So he behaved with the Little Entente when the charge brought by Yugoslavia against Hungary (following the Marseilles murders) was dealt with at Geneva; so again when Titulescu, Litvinov, etc., forced him to sign the Franco-Soviet treaty. It was the same story with the British Government in September, October, and November."

Yes, it was the same, only worse, over the Mediterranean. Surely what we need to keep steadily in mind is that war or no war in Europe, the collapse of everything, rested primarily all last year, and can easily rest again in the future, on such as Pierre Laval? An ignorant peasant who has built himself a crenellated castle near where once he pushed a barrow, and who was able to give his daughter so commanding a dot? What chance has Europe got under such people? You may say that Laval failed, that we have escaped him. If we have, which is not so certain yet, it was because of his ignorance of other nations and peoples. He read us entirely wrong.

Of Laval's subsidiary "tricks in the bag," there is scant room to write. His flattery of those untouchable by the money appeal, his stand-by ruse of telling things "in confidence" and then seeing that the divulging operated to his advantage, his bland denials of anything he chose, his practice of saying anything to anyone if it got him what he momentarily wanted (plenty of time later to wriggle free), his faking of public opinion. One last tale. It was Laval who was behind all the violent anti-British campaign in the Paris Press, far the grossest in my experience. I happen to know that his permanent officials were deeply shocked the day that Laval's first objective was achieved in the march on the British Embassy to shouts of "Down with England!" the then objective being to enable Laval to say to a British Minister, as he did say, "What can I do in the face of public opinion? You see my difficulty!" And he had himself inspired that march by causing the newspapers to flood their pages, inter alia, with "British Oil Imperialism" propaganda, as explanatory of our action over Ethiopia!

People like Pierre Laval worry me.

PEACE IN THE COALFIELDS: The Amicable End of an Industrial Dispute which all but Led to a Strike

A BOON TO THE COLLIER: The miner's life is inevitably one of great hardship and physical strain, but the introduction of machines of the type depicted above has done much to reduce the severity of the work of holing or kirving, one of the most arduous kinds of human labour, which consists of cutting a groove in the floor of a seam in order to leave it unsupported and so create an overhanging mass that can be fairly easily dislodged. When this is done with a hand pick it not only takes many minutes longer but causes infinitely more wastage—wastage that to-day no efficient colliery company would tolerate

A WELL-EARNED REST: Miners taking their lunch at the "face." Coal dust on their bread and cheese is an evil to which they have of necessity to accustom themselves

IN A NORTHERN COLLIERY: *Left*—The coal face where the men have to work for hours on end in a constrained position. *Right*—The spacious "main tram road" from which lesser passages branch off to the coal face

Before the death of King George the position in the coalfields appeared to be well-nigh desperate, and with the delegate conference of the Miners' Federation voting for action by a 450,000 majority the hope of a peaceful settlement appeared to have vanished, and it seemed certain that a strike would be started before the end of the month. With the passing of His Majesty, however, a new spirit was introduced into the controversy, and on January 25 Britain heard with relief that employers and employees had come to terms and that the men were definitely assured of more money. Never before have both sides behaved with such generosity, and there is no doubt that the *rapprochement* was in no small measure due to the common anxiety that a reign should not finish and a reign should not begin under the shadow of a bitter dispute

POLITICAL CHANGES IN FRANCE: The existence of the Laval Government came to an unexpected end on January 22 as a result of the defection of the Radical Ministers under M. Herriot, and a new Ministry (the hundredth of the Third Republic) was immediately formed by M. Sarraut who may be described as a senator of moderate views and pro-British tendencies. He is pictured here with his colleagues, left to right, front row—M. Marcel Régnier (Finance), M. Yvon Delbos (Justice), M. Sarraut, M. Paul-Boncour, M. Marcel Déat (Air), M. Camille Chautemps, and M. Pierre-Etienne Flandin

MORE TROUBLE IN EGYPT: A student speaker haranguing his colleagues in the courtyard of Ghizeh University prior to further anti-British rioting which took place recently in Cairo

ONCE MORE A POLITICAL POWER: A portrait of M. Venizelos displayed in Athens during the recent elections when the supporters of the Liberal leader gained the ascendancy

NEUTRALS UNDER FIRE: Prince Ismail Daud (*centre*), head of the Egyptian Medical Mission in Abyssinia, Dr. Raphael (*left*) and a colleague pictured after their return to Harar following the bombing of their Red Cross unit by Italian 'planes—an incident that occurred soon after the attack on the Swedish unit which aroused such intense indignation in Northern Europe. On the extreme right of this group is Captain Bon, a Frenchman who holds the position of Chief of the Harar police

GREECE IN EVOLUTION

Her Restored Monarch Wins a Victory for Constitutional Government

THE most encouraging thing about recent events in Greece is that the Greeks themselves have begun to realise the danger in their politics and are trying to develop a sense of responsibility. The wiser of them have for long foreseen the need for a radical change, and early last year this feeling began to crystallise in the idea of Monarchy. The revolt of March 1 was an attempt to arrest the growth of this idea. It was the final, desperate effort of the spirit of faction, and the ease with which it was suppressed showed how tired everyone was of that spirit, and encouraged hopes that some entirely new experiment would be welcome.

The novelty of the experiment does not consist in the mere restoration of the monarchy. That has happened before, and in many countries, without making any difference. There is no doubt that many Greeks who supported the restoration, especially the more ostentatious royalists, saw in it only the triumph of their own party, which they hoped to exploit in the old way, at the expense of their political enemies.

The novelty consists in the determination of King George II to act as a truly constitutional monarch; in his own words, "to return to Greece . . . not as head of a victorious party, but as impartial arbiter of a noble emulation between all parties." This was the phrase used in a letter from King George's Equerry which was published in the Athens Press on June 12, and when foreign observers read it they realised that the exiled Monarch had profited by his stay in England.

The King's conception of his duty was admirable, and it was also the only one possible if Greece was to recover national unity. But the task he had set himself was not easy. Although the November plebiscite returned a 97 per cent. majority for the monarch the abstention of the Republicans robbed the result of much of its value. Even more disquieting, perhaps, was the attitude of some of the Royalists. For these, it was evident, the restoration was only a means to their own ends. What they wanted was not a king who would reign above all parties, but one who could be used to serve their own exclusive interests.

It was not surprising, therefore, that King George's first difficulty was with the very man who had brought him back to the throne. It was General Kondylis, whose *coup d'état* on October 10, made the restoration not only possible but inevitable; and it was General Kondylis whose opposition to the King's policy of conciliation caused a crisis two days after His Majesty's entry into Athens.

The issue was a vital one, and had the King wavered his chances of success would have been destroyed at the beginning. In accordance with his resolve to "relegate the past to oblivion," the King proposed an amnesty for all political offenders. General Kondylis, however, refused to extend the pardon to M. Venizelos, Admiral Demestichas, and several others who had taken part in the March revolution. He informed His Majesty that if this were persisted in several senior officers of the Army would resign. Thereupon the King sent for the War Minister, General Papagos, who vouched for the loyalty of the Army. Kondylis' bluff had failed, and the next day his Cabinet was dismissed. On November 30 M. Demerdjis was charged with forming a "business" government, which would proclaim an amnesty for the March insurgents and hold free elections.

Another reassuring sign, for which credit must be given to the King, was the care taken by the new Government to secure fair play at the elections. The provincial Prefects—whose appointment is political—were temporarily removed for this purpose, their place being taken by magistrates. Voting took place on January 26, and there was a very large poll. Nearly a dozen parties presented candidates for 300 seats, and election was by proportional representation.

The result showed that the Venizelists, who were formerly opposed to the restoration, can still muster about half the electorate. They include, moreover, the Liberals, who, with 127 seats, are the largest single party in the new assembly. The anti-Venizelists have actually one seat more than their opponents, 143 as against 142. The bulk of them is constituted by the Popular Party of M. Tsaldaris, the late Prime Minister and by the supporters of General Kondylis and M. Theotokis. This result only shows the wisdom of King George in paying consideration to the Venizelists, thereby winning the confidence of republican sentiment. It suggests, indeed, that whatever their differences all parties now accept the constitutional monarch.

The absence of a clear majority complicates the situation and difficulty is still being met with on the question of the reinstatement of the March insurgents. On this the King may have to compromise. There is no doubt, however, that the sudden death of General Kondylis which occurred at the end of last week, has eased the atmosphere by removing the chief obstacle to conciliation. At the time of writing, in spite of some disturbing rumours, the prospect seems good for the formation of a Government of National union. If this can be realised, the outlook will be better than it has been for many years.

G. M.

HELLAS
Lives Again

CLASSIC SPORTS ON CLASSIC GROUND: Interest in athletics among Athenian students is undergoing a notable revival and, in addition to the ordinary competitive races and field events of to-day, Grecian youths are also taking part in the traditional contests of 2,500 years ago, when Hellas was the cultural centre of the known world. *Above*—The competitors, equipped with shield and helmet, greet the onlookers before the start of the games. *On right*—The clash of shields echoes across the arena as the fighters meet in gladiatorial combat

STRAINING TOWARDS THE LINE: The students, carrying their heavy shields, encircle the stony track with bare feet while their trainers, holding the palm leaves of victory, look on. *Below*—Saluting their trainers after the finish

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CHINA'S HOTHEADS

Boy and Girl Students on the Surface of the Simmering Cauldron of the Far East

POLITICALLY-MINDED YOUTH: Pupils of a Shanghai school—typical members of the student community which has of late been arousing considerable anxiety in China by its anti-Japanese attitude made plain in a series of demonstrations that have only been quelled by the military after the proclamation of martial law. Canton, Peiping, Shanghai, and Hankow have been the chief centres of unrest

UNIVERSITY FOOTBALLERS: These youths are enthusiastic soccer players, only, it seems, just so long as the political situation is not engaging their attention

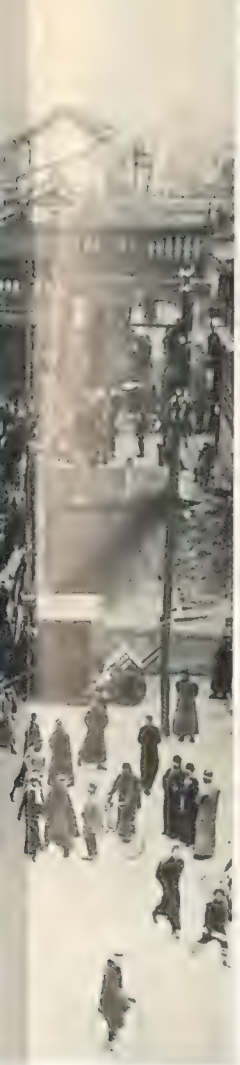
TROUBLE IN PEIPING: Youths rushing through one of the gates of the ancient city to join their comrades in a demonstration against the autonomy movement and against Japan. They were brought under control with some difficulty

VIEWS OF THEIR OWN: Shanghai girl students who hold political opinions equally as strong and as advanced as those of the males. For the most part they choose to wear Western dress

A STORM-CENTRE OF THE REPUBLIC: Youthful demonstrators in a s
(*left*) a student urging his comrades on from a vantage point on a t
clash with the police there were over a hundred casua

The University student might well be called China's political barometer for he is invariably the first to raise his voice when a crisis looms on the horizon and, in the manner of his Egyptian counterpart, is prone to leave his books when there is a cause to fight for. At Hankow and Shanghai in 1926 and 1928 there was many a street battle and during the past few weeks there were serious demonstrations in Peiping, and some abortive marches farther south

GIRLS OF A COUNTRY SCHOOL IN KWANTUNG: Students who have benefited so greatly from the movement towards the emancipation of women, which first came into being about the year 1912 in the reforms contained in the programme of that powerful political organisation, the Kuomintang



a square of Peiping and
n a tram. As a result of a
casualties

MAKING THEIR PRESENCE FELT: Young men and women crowding the streets during one of the many recent outbursts of feeling. The latest of these occurred at Canton, the great commercial capital of Southern China, where martial law had to be declared, and troops had to station themselves outside the various schools and the Sun-Yat-Sen University. Residents of the British and French colonies were advised by their Consuls to remain within their concessions after 8 p.m. in order to avoid the possibility of incidents in the native quarter, while in the last-named part of the city armoured cars patrolled the streets and all persons out after dark were searched for arms

Kitchen design by Mrs. Darcy Braddell.

Plan inspired by the Aga Cooker

JUST as this kitchen has been *planned* so that everything is in its place but never in the way, so the Aga Heat Storage Cooker has been designed to save labour, to save energy—to do everything rather more easily, rather better and always without stress or strain. The Aga is neat and clean and tidy. No fumes or cooking smells. Its non-cracking vitreous enamel needs only a clean now and again with a damp cloth to sparkle cheerfully all day long. Its four ovens—one roasting, two cooking ovens and a special plate-heating oven—take all the burden of cooking for 16 people, and often more, without driving cook into her grave. And save her, by reason of their unique features, any amount of wearisome watching and waiting. All day and all night the Aga burns—ready to cook a snack or a dinner at any time. And fuelling and riddling —dustless and light—are necessary only twice a day. With its guaranteed fuel cost of less than 25/- a quarter (coke) the Aga gives you improved cooking, greater economy, and a more pleasant kitchen. There are Aga models from £47 10s. (fuel cost guaranteed less than £1 a quarter) to suit every size of household.

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Mrs. Darcy Braddell in this plan shows how an old farmhouse kitchen has been converted into one which, while still retaining the essential charm and dignity of the old house, combines an easy running arrangement with modern simplicity of design—so essential to today's requirements and the modern servant. This plan shows how a woman's common sense can reduce drudgery and kitchen labour to a minimum never dreamed of by Man. Let this well-known woman designer help you. Write to the address given below for the folder which gives you full details, plan and elevations of this contemporary kitchen. The plan, of course, is free and so is the beautiful Aga book which goes with it.

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The "BOUNTY"

A Special Section containing Contemporary Documents Relating to the Famous Drama of the Sea, Some of which are Now on View at an Exhibition at the Public Record Office

The Mutiny of the *Bounty* in 1789 was perhaps one of the most dramatic events of its kind in naval history, and is to-day a subject of world-wide interest and discussion as a result of the Metro-Goldwyn screen version of the episode which, wherever it has been shown, has succeeded in breaking all box office records. It will be remembered that in 1787 Lieutenant William Bligh was sent by the British Government to Tahiti as commander of the ship *Bounty*, to collect plants of the breadfruit tree. One account states that during their six months' stay on the island his men became completely demoralised, and, in a few weeks after setting sail on the return journey, mutinied under the overbearing temper and harsh treatment of their commander. On April 28, 1789, Bligh, with eighteen of the men who remained loyal, was cast adrift in an open boat but 23 ft. long and with only a small stock of provisions, while the mutineers turned their own course back to Tahiti, and eventually settled on Pitcairn Island. After enduring almost incredible hardship, Bligh arrived at the Island of Timor, near Java, on June 14, having with great skill and courage sailed his craft for some 3,600 miles

AS HOLLYWOOD DEPICTS IT: Charles Laughton as Lieutenant Bligh, the *Bounty's* despotic commander, in the Metro-Goldwyn picture *Mutiny on the Bounty* which recently began its London run at the Empire, Leicester Square, and has been proving a tremendous attraction. On the whole the film "sticks to the facts" but some critics opine that justice is hardly done to Bligh's character

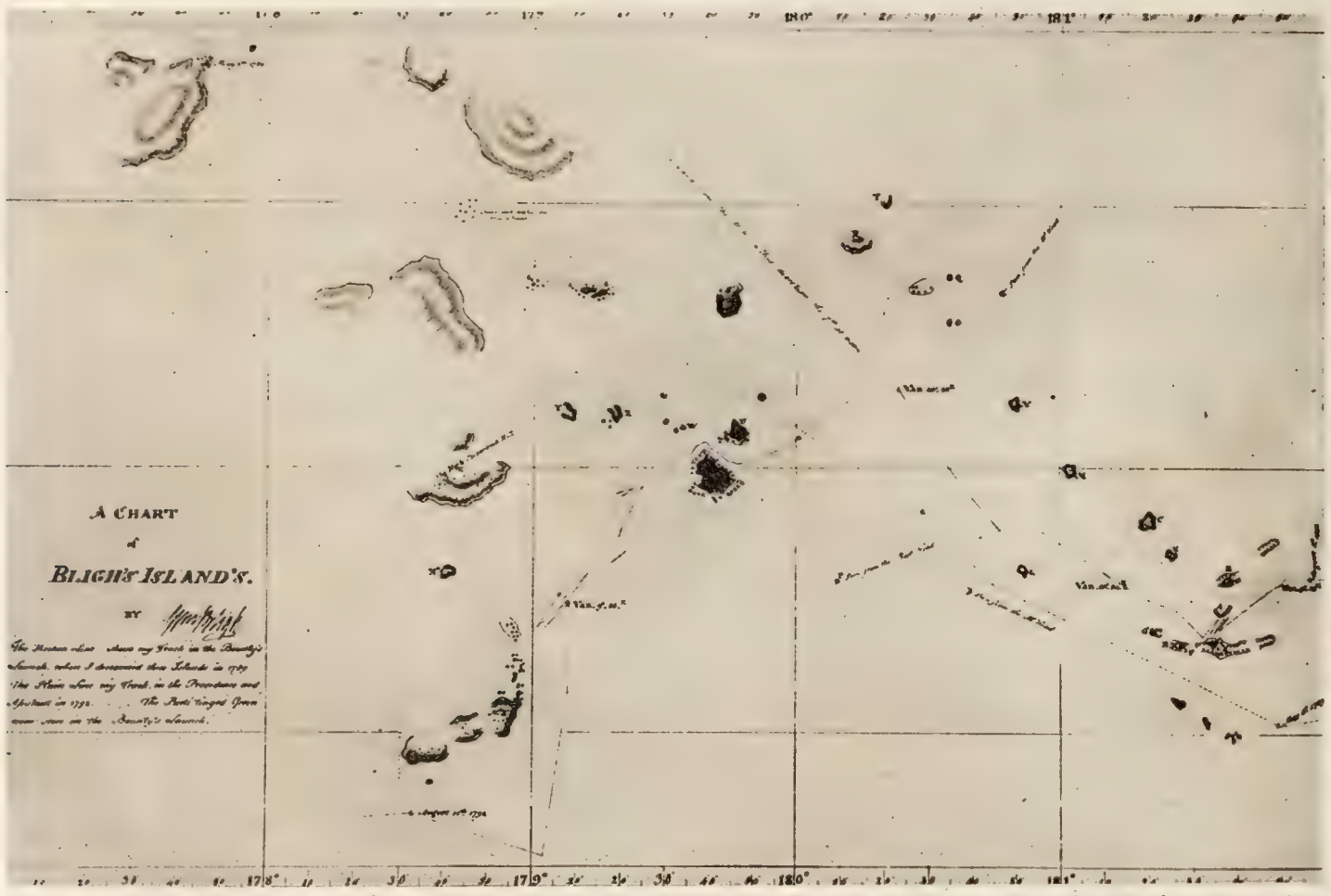
On right—AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS: An old aquatint from the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, showing Bligh and his men being cast adrift in the Pacific on April 28, 1789, when they were provided with only a small stock of food and water, and left without adequate means of navigation. All the neighbouring islands were inhabited by savages, many of them cannibals, and but for the skill of the commander the plight of the little party would have been well nigh hopeless. In the stern of the *Bounty* can be seen the breadfruit trees Bligh had planned to take to the West Indies

By courtesy of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich

THE END OF AN HISTORIC JOURNEY: Lieutenant Bligh and his loyal followers, all in the last stages of physical exhaustion, hospitably received by the Governor of Timor after sailing in the *Bounty's* launch a distance of 3,618 miles. They had spent nearly fifty days in their open boat and, although they had landed at great risk on several islands en route, they had only the minimum of food and water on which to support life

MEN OF PITCAIRN: Descendants of the nine mutineers who settled on the island in 1790 with a dozen Tahitian women and six Tahitian men. All except one of the males are supposed to have been murdered

MUTINY OF THE "BOUNTY": Contemporary Documents and Other Matters Relating to the Great Drama

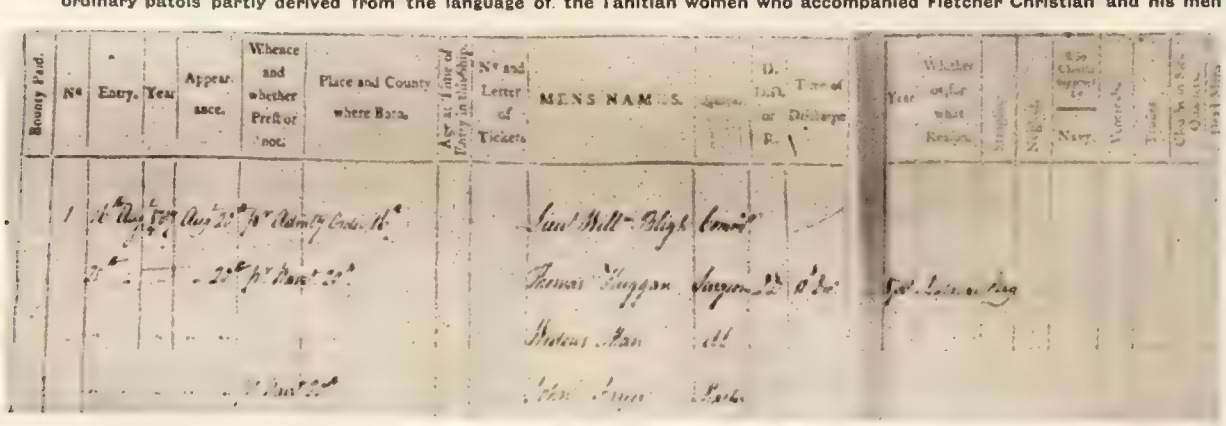


BLIGH'S JOURNEYINGS IN THE SOUTH SEAS: This chart, drawn up by the great navigator himself, is now on view at an exhibition in the Public Record Office, and shows (broken line) part of the track of the *Bounty's* launch on its historic voyage to the East Indies after being cast adrift by the mutineers, and (plain line) the track of the *Providence*, in which vessel Bligh went again to the Pacific in 1792 to carry out his interrupted task of transplanting plants of the breadfruit tree. On both occasions several hitherto unknown islands were sighted

COUNTER-ATTACK: Mid *left*) makes a gallant Bligh, but Fletcher the mate and ring him. A dramatic of the mutiny, one of pictures ever made

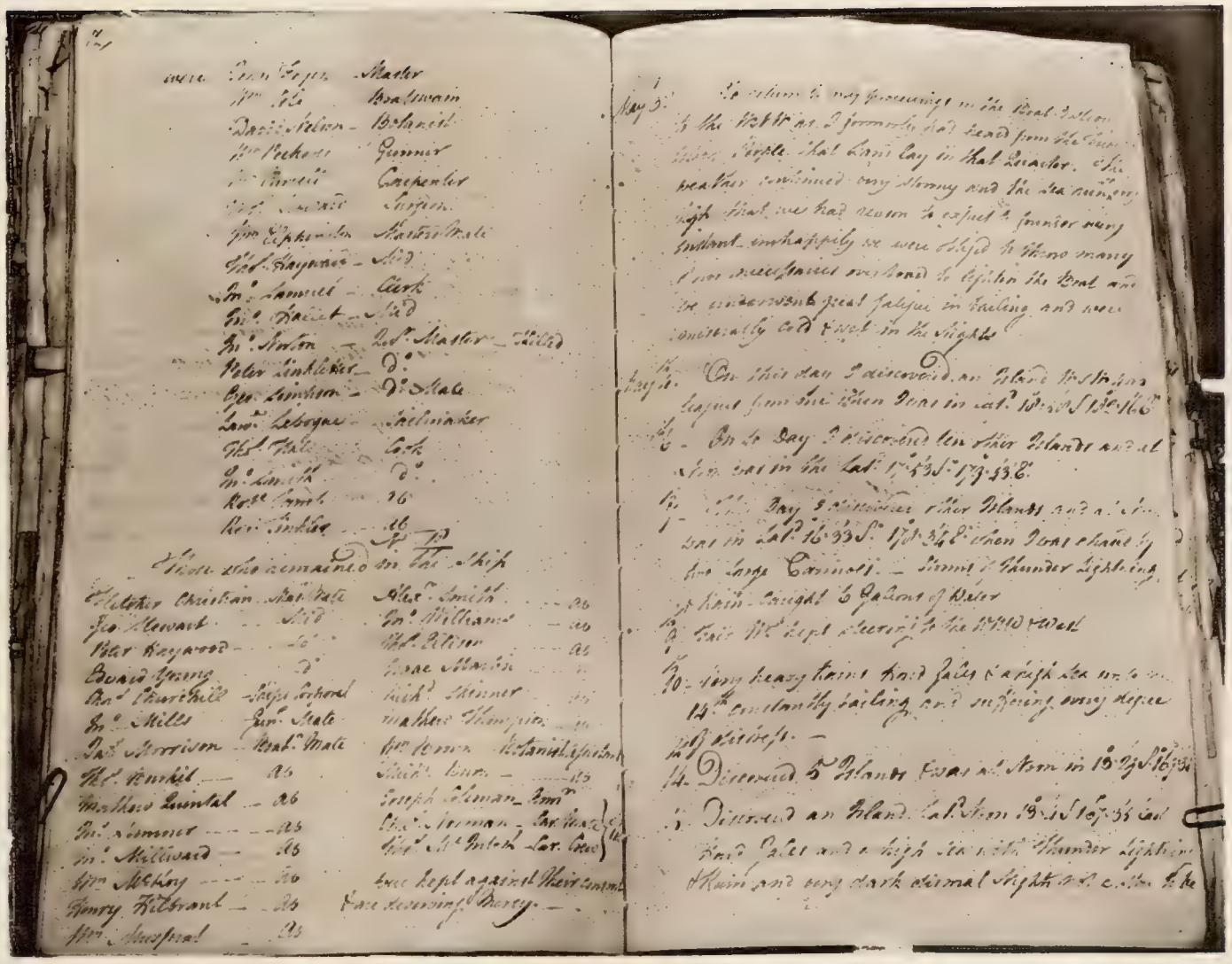
ON PITCAIRN TO-DAY: A group of descendants of the mutineers who settled on this lonely and little-known Pacific island in 1790, thus escaping capture and founding a colony which now numbers over 170. The people, who have their own governing body, came within the jurisdiction of the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific in 1898. They still speak an extraordinary patois partly derived from the language of the Tahitian women who accompanied Fletcher Christian and his men

WHERE BLIGH LIVED AFTER RETIREMENT FROM THE NAVY: A corner of the drawing-room at the Manor House, Farningham, Kent



PART OF AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY NAVAL MUSTER ROLL: Another treasured document at the Public Record Office, bearing some of the names of the officers and crew of the *Bounty*. At the head is that of Lieutenant Bligh, and below those of Thomas Huggan, the surgeon, and John Fryer, the master. *On right*—The volume of captain's letters to the Admiralty, in which are preserved the commander of the *Bounty's* original manuscripts relating to the mutiny and to his voyage

shipman Byam (Franchot Tone; attempt to regain the ship for Christian (Clark Gable; *right*), leader, succeeds in disarming episode from the film version the longest and most expensive by a Hollywood company



THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS: An extract from the volume of notes and letters to the Admiralty, now preserved at the Public Record Office, in which Bligh recounted every detail of the mutiny and of his subsequent voyage in the *Bounty's* launch. On the left-hand page are listed the names of those who remained loyal and accompanied their commander to Timor, of those who joined Fletcher Christian in the outbreak, and also of those who had to remain on board the ship against their will. On the right is part of the commander's log

THE CHOLERIC ADMIRAL: This oil-painting, which is said to depict the *Bounty* at anchor off Gravesend, is inset into the mantleshelf in the Bligh room at Farningham Manor. In one corner of the canvas is a small hole, believed to have been made by Bligh during his retirement on an occasion when he fired off a pistol in anger

HIS LAST RESTING PLACE: The commander of the *Bounty's* tomb in Lambeth churchyard, bearing the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of William Bligh, Vice-Admiral of the Blue, the celebrated navigator who . . . bravely fought the battles of his country, and died beloved, respected, and lamented on the 7th Day of December, 1817. Aged 64"

LONDON CHILDREN'S COURTS

Modern Methods of Tackling Juvenile Crime — Kindness the Keynote

THE BETTER WAY: Youngsters are at liberty to play cricket in the streets, but if they indulge in "banker," "nap," or any other game of chance they are liable to find themselves in Court

By CHARLES GRAVES

IF any of you ever visit a Children's Court, as I have just done, you will probably leave it with mixed feelings. On the one hand there is the knowledge that in the old days the Law's treatment of children was unbelievably harsh. To-day it is in grave danger of veering too much the other way. I fancy that Mr. W. H. Brodrick, who sits at the Children's Court at Lambeth, is admittedly the most kind-hearted of all the magistrates, and that at the opposite end of the scale you have the Children's Court at Islington, where a sterner view is taken of crimes by young persons under the age of sixteen. Nevertheless, it is a very good thing that, owing largely to Lord Hewart, a number of younger magistrates have been introduced to the Children's Courts since the beginning of this year.

One receives the impression at Lambeth that there is too much sentiment, and that there is a grave danger of the juvenile offender regarding the magistrate as a far too kindly old gentleman. Time and again boys were spoken to as "sonny" or by their Christian name, and told not to be "naughty." And in every case the sentence, if any, was exceedingly lenient.

It was an interesting calendar. The offences included playing banker in the streets; playing nap in the streets; stealing bicycles; stealing a 3s. rouge compact; embezzling sums ranging from 3s. 1½d. up to £1; stealing a silver watch; being in unlawful possession of bicycle lamps and torches; stealing a hospital collection-box containing 1s. 7½d.; loitering on enclosed premises; breaking, entering, and stealing a butcher's knife and 7 lb. of chocolates; stealing thirty-two oranges; stealing thirteen Marcella whiffs; and so on. Mr. Brodrick's remarks and queries included "Will you be a good boy if I let you go?" "You be a good boy, Edward." "Do you get nice food at the Remand Home, Ronny? And a nice bed, too?" "You are a naughty boy, son."

As you may know, detectives and policemen giving evidence in a Children's Court do not wear uniform. The idea is, very properly, to eradicate the bogy of the big policeman. Similarly, boys are very seldom sentenced to a whipping because it is said to make them a hero in their street. Children in poor quarters having been brought up where everything is done by the rule of force must obviously not be brutalised further. At the same time, one gets the impression that some of the kindness to obviously bad young boys is almost exasperating.

Let me describe the scene. The room at Lambeth is painted in dark and light green. There is no dock. The magistrate sits in a high-backed chair with one colleague on either side, the woman sitting on his right. As each case is called out the offenders are brought in and stand in front of the magistrates with their parent or parents behind them. The detective gives his evidence. He is also allowed to examine the offenders if they deny the charge. There is no question of counsel, except for interventions on the part of the parents.

If the magistrate finds the boy or girl guilty he has various courses ahead of him. But in any event he will first of all remand the offender for a week to the new home in the Uxbridge Road. During the ensuing seven days the Probation Officer will visit the home and discover whether it is a bad environment or not. The schoolmaster concerned will be asked to make a report also. On the offender's next appearance, if the magistrate decides to convict, he can either put him or her on probation at home, in which case the Probation Officer will pay regular visits during the next twelve months. Or the magistrate may decide to put the offender on probation in a hostel away from the parents. Here, again, the Probation Officer will pay regular visits. The third possibility is to send the child to an approved school.

Unfortunately, the period of time to which a child is sentenced to an approved school is a somewhat lengthy one. If under the age of fourteen he goes until his fourteenth birthday. If over the age of fourteen he goes until his seventeenth birthday. Unquestionably there ought to be schools where offenders could be sent for short periods such as three months, six months, and nine months.

An even greater gap in the present system is the absence of special homes for children "in need of care and protection." When I was at Lambeth there was a case of three small children who were living in a brothel. As things are, these unfortunates can be boarded out if they are very young with foster parents. But sometimes the local authority chosen as the fit person to look after them sends them to the same approved schools to which young thieves go. This may be a good influence for the latter but not for the former. There undoubtedly should be special institutions for these children who are in need of care and protection.

It is just ten years ago that an exhaustive enquiry into the practice of the Juvenile Courts in this country was made. The results showed extraordinary differences in the procedure of the courts. In barely a quarter of the 902 Children's Courts were there women on the bench. In nearly half the courts there were more than three justices present, which is very confusing for the children. At two or three of the courts no importance was attached to securing an account of the offender's career at school. And in only twenty-seven courts was a medical examination regarded as essential.

Mentally defective children were only two in number on the day I went to Lambeth. This is a somewhat low proportion. In each case it was discovered immediately from the particular school attended by the offender that he was in fact M.D.

Six years ago over 11,000 boys and girls were found guilty of indictable offences. Of these 9,000 were put on probation, but only 6,000 were placed under supervision.

To-day it is the practice never to send a boy to an approved school at his first offence. On the other hand, the failure of the Courts to remove young offenders from a bad environment can often turn out to be cruelly kind. Every persistent offender was originally a first offender, and among child delinquents there must be many whose homes and associates render them very liable to grow up into persistent offenders.

I did not have the opportunity of going over the Remand Home in the Uxbridge Road, but I gather that it is a distinct deterrent. It is not so much the routine of being called at 6 a.m. and mixing domestic work with school lessons most of the day. It is the fact that children hate to leave home, and particularly their playmates, to find themselves in a strange new world.

Evidently, however, the system needs a great deal of improvement. But the whole problem is a very difficult one. Small children are inclined to be hero worshippers. It is only natural. If they are Boy Scouts their hero worship will probably be directed towards their leader. If, however, they meet a young scamp who steals a bicycle or breaks into a cigarette machine, their hero worship can be diverted in less than no time to him. In case after case at Lambeth it was evident that there was always one ring-leader whom the other boys followed. It is the too lenient treatment of the "brains," if one can call it that, of each gang with which the enquiring layman is inclined to find fault. Unquestionably therefore, the greatest care is necessary in the selection of magistrates for the Juvenile Courts. Meantime one of the chief difficulties in preventing offences on the part of young persons has been the reluctance of the public to prosecute boys and girls under the age of sixteen for dishonesty. The result has been that many children charged in a Juvenile Court have committed numbers of misdemeanours of which no official record has been kept. Very often this kind-heartedness on the part of the victims of child offenders has been caused by a fear of branding a child with a conviction, because they do not realise either the methods of the Juvenile Courts, or the work of the approved schools. This attitude may be charitable at the time but in the long run it may very likely prove the reverse of kindly.

As for the powers given to Local Authorities to make by-laws prohibiting street trading up to the age of eighteen, these have removed a considerable source of temptation to crime among young people. It is only a pity that the Local Authorities were not able from the start to limit the hours of work among boys and girls in unregulated occupations. For it is not unnatural that young persons working for long hours may feel a reaction against such exploitation and may therefore commit misdemeanours. In any event it is good to know that the magistrates at these Children's Courts are too kind rather than too harsh.

Railcars for Service in Britain and South America—A Highly Successful Experimental Type

ON MODERN LINES

China Purchases New Rolling Stock—The L.N.E.R. Introduces Up-to-Date Booking Offices

COMFORT AND ECONOMY ON THE ARGENTINE RAILWAYS: The first of a fleet of Diesel-driven railcars to be built at Smethwick, Staffordshire, for shipment to South America. They are designed to run nine miles on a gallon of oil, and can be driven from either end. The seats are reversible. *On right*—A sleeping coach, made in England for one of the Chinese Railways, being hoisted on to the S.S. *Belpemela* at Newport, Mon. Several locomotives were also on board

FAREWELL TO THE PIGEON-HOLE: The new and more open type of booking office now being introduced at stations on the London and North Eastern Railway. This example is at York

A SPEEDY TRIO: The Great Western Railway has found railcars so satisfactory for certain kinds of work that it has ordered ten more to add to the eleven at present in operation. Three of the new models are seen above and on right, and they are designed for use as "locals," and also on the Birmingham and Cardiff route where a special rapid service for business men was inaugurated some time ago and is proving highly popular. The cars, which are streamlined according to the latest notions, are 64 ft. in length, have accommodation for over sixty passengers, and are equipped with twin, 130-h.p. engines of the same make as are employed on some of the London buses. This type of rolling stock is also greatly in favour in France, where it is known as the "automotrice," and it was reported recently that 75 of the Bugatti models had already been built and others were under construction

By courtesy of Stoke-on-Trent Art Gallery

WINTER IN THE FARMYARD: An oil painting by Gerald Cooper

Whither British Agriculture?

An Estimate of the Existing Situation and a Comparison with Conditions in Denmark

THE announcement of the coming introduction of unemployment insurance for agricultural workers brings Britain's oldest industry and its problems once more before the public eye. They are pressing problems, for within the next twelve months the future of British agriculture has to be decided one way or the other. Either the industry must be allowed to go on contracting in as far as its main branches—beef, mutton, wool, and corn—are concerned, or it must be completely reorganised from top to bottom. The wheat, beef, and beet-sugar subsidies, and the various marketing schemes introduced in the past four years, have saved branches of the industry from collapse, but they have not, and will not, put it on its feet again. That can be done only by complete changes in the methods of agricultural production and national agricultural policy. The alternative is gradual but inevitable disintegration.

It is often declared by "experts" that we have only to follow the example of Denmark, where agriculture is more highly organised than anywhere in the world, and all would be well. But is this so? Can we do what the Danes have done? Fresh from a visit to Denmark—where I had the opportunity to make a full study of farming methods—and living in fairly close touch with British agriculture, the impression left in my mind is that we can learn from Denmark, but we cannot adopt her system. The reasons are several.

Up to the beginning of the last century the peoples of Denmark and Britain lived in much the same fashion. The sailors and ships of the two nations played an important part in the world's trade, and the bulk of their peoples lived and worked on the land. Then early in the 1800s there came to Britain the Industrial Revolution and the beginnings of modern industry. But Denmark has no industrial raw materials such as coal and iron, so her economic development took a different course, and later in the century there came to her the change from which arose the present agricultural system. In both countries there has been, and is, a striving towards the same end, development of the export trade. Our great exports are coal, iron and steel, engineering products and textiles. Denmark's are bacon, butter, eggs, and poultry.

Here is the first essential difference between the two countries. Denmark's great industry upon which the whole life of the nation is based is agriculture. Out of her 3,700,000 people over 1,200,000 depend on the land for their livelihood. Thousands of others get their living from the preparation, transport, and shipment of farm products. Britain, with a population of 45,000,000, has over 14,000,000 employed in or dependent upon industry, and only 784,000 engaged in agriculture. If a comparison can be drawn it is not between Danish agriculture and British agriculture, but between Danish agriculture and British industry.

The second great difference is the way in which the two systems have been built up. British agriculture was founded on the great estates, owned by big landlords with large numbers of tenant farmers. In the past fifty years the enormous burden of taxation, notably in the shape of death duties, has broken up many estates and crippled others, so that to-day British agriculture is an industry without capital for development. It is easy to say that the farmers must adopt new methods and machines, but where is the money coming from? Industry can raise capital by public subscription through the Stock Exchange, but agriculture cannot. There are no facilities for State loans to agriculture, and the security the ordinary tenant farmer has to offer is very limited. The British farmer, landlord or tenant, is conservative in his outlook and generally opposed to schemes for co-operative marketing and producing. The gentleman farmer, to whom a pleasant existence is a greater consideration than profit, is still to be found all over the country. As far as national trade policy is concerned agricultural products do not form an important part of our national exports and we import enormous quantities of wheat, meat, and dairy products. The farming policy of the Governments of recent years has been marked by many changes and it is this that has made farmers so suspicious of State schemes.

In Denmark conditions and national policy are quite different. Very large estates have never existed and ninety-three out of every hundred farms are owned by their occupiers. The small farms are greatly in the majority, and in fact, almost all Danish farms are small by our standards. Of the 206,000 farms in the country more than 43,000 are less than 8½ acres in extent, 90,000 under 37 acres, and 60,000 under 150 acres. Every effort has been made by the State to encourage agriculture in general and the small farmers in particular. One Government after another has put money and land at their disposal, and since 1919 the Danish State has granted something like £10,000,000 in loans to farmers and has passed large numbers of acts for their assistance. There are no gentlemen farmers in Denmark as we know them in this country. Co-operative buying, selling, and producing is highly developed in Denmark. The farmers buy their seeds, feeding-stuffs, machinery, coal, and fertilisers through co-operative agencies, thus getting them at the best possible prices. Their stock comes largely from co-operative breeding establishments. Their milk goes to the co-operative creameries, of which there are over 1,400, to be converted largely into butter for sale at home or abroad through co-operative exporting societies. Their pigs, with production controlled on a quota basis, go to the bacon factories, of which there are sixty-two co-operative and twenty-three private, handling about 5,000,000 pigs a year, and the bacon is exported, mainly to Britain, through another co-operative organisation. Watching over, and to a considerable degree controlling, every aspect of agricultural activity, is the all-powerful Agricultural Council of Denmark, to which are attached the federations of Danish agricultural societies, small-holders' societies, and co-operative societies. The Danish farmer works with the knowledge that his products will be handled by one of the most efficient marketing machines in the world.

In contrast to Britain Danish agricultural products are the basis of the nation's overseas trade. Denmark in 1934 exported goods valued at 1,170,000,000 kr., and of this sum only 75,000,000 kr. represented non-agricultural products. Britain consumes much of Denmark's farm exports, a fact to be borne in mind when considering our own agricultural problem. Last year we took 98 per cent. of her bacon exports, 83 per cent. of her butter and 67 per cent. of her eggs. Close on 5,000,000 Danish pigs finish up on British breakfast tables every year and more than 752,000,000 Danish eggs in British kitchens.

These are the great differences between British and Danish agriculture and it is obvious that we cannot solve our problems by applying their methods piecemeal. We might be able to introduce co-operation into agriculture, but past attempts have not been successful and it would take twenty-five years to build up anything like the Danish system. The Pigs Marketing Board's present problem is an example of how difficult it is; having designed a scheme to stimulate home bacon production they found that the farmers could supply only the bare minimum to make the scheme workable at all. Mainly due to the lack of co-operation of the small producers, the Board found itself more than half-a-million pigs short of the estimate. The present policy of the Government is to encourage small-holders, as for example the settlement of miners and their families at Potton, but we shall never establish in this country a system under which the majority of the farms are less than 100 acres in extent. Even were it desirable with the geographical make up of our agricultural areas it would be physically impossible. There is no point in our reorganising agriculture to make it an exporting industry, so here again we cannot adopt the Danish plan. At the same time we can learn a lot from them as far as marketing is concerned, and the production of goods of even quality. Any visitor to a Danish bacon factory must be struck by the amazing uniformity of the carcases—both in quality and weight—although they may come from half a hundred different producers. The secret is centralised breeding and standardised feeding on a skim-milk and barley basis.

What, then, can be done for British agriculture? The answer is that first and foremost it must be given back some of the vast sums of capital that have been drained from it by taxation. There must be capital for development of efficient farms, and ruthless elimination of the inefficient farmer. There must be much greater attention to the scientific manuring of pastures—here we can learn much from the Danes—and to quality production. If we are to make a serious attempt to build up a bacon industry the whole of the present methods of

(*Continued on p. 272*)

A SUFFOLK FARM: A woodcut by J. Harvey-Bloom

RURAL

Douglas Went

AN UNUSUAL SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BARN: This beautiful old timber structure, with its interesting ornamental features beneath the eaves, is on the Maltings Farm at Lexden, near Colchester, and is reported to be threatened with demolition

THE MACHINE AGE TAKES ITS TOLL: The bridge over the Ouse at Brandon, Suffolk, which is in a serious state of disrepair and is to be replaced by a somewhat wider structure in order to comply with modern traffic requirements. It is flanked by two picturesque malthouses

AN HISTORIC STAFFORDSHIRE SEAT COMES DOWN: Beaudesert Hall, which a short while ago was sold for £800 and, in spite of pleas for its preservation, is now in the hands of the housebreaker

THE PASSING OF THE BELL INN: The 16th-century hostelry on the Colchester-Rowhedge road which is to be demolished to eliminate a dangerous corner. *On right*—An interior view of Beaudesert Hall, showing its dilapidated condition when taken over by the housebreaker. The place contained many traces of pre-Tudor work

DESIGN FOR SAILING! Two of the costumes schemed by Ada Peacock for "Steamboat Whistle," one of the spectacular numbers in *Follow the Sun*, the new Cochran revue which, before coming to London on February 4, enjoyed an immense success in Manchester

Drama of the Day

Conventional Fare at The Shaftesbury—The Noel Coward Triplets — Anton Dolin, a Memorable Figure in the Title Role of "David"

By PHILIP PAGE

A YEAR or two ago, when London was first invaded by *Les Girls* who, blonde beauties from America, displayed themselves in the larger restaurants at cabaret time, a friend of mine (decent fellow on the whole, if unduly optimistic) invited one of the blondest of them to tea in his flat. She replied, swiftly, that she did not take tea or any other meal in the flats of male acquaintances, suggested lunch or dinner in a restaurant, with her mother in attendance, and asked what time the evening service started in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Were not that little tale the depressing truth, I would have said that a play based on the gay devilry of a man asking an actress to supper in his bachelor chambers was at least thirty years out-of-date. We must therefore allow that *Sauce for the Goose*, a comedy produced at the St. Martin's Theatre, is sufficiently modern and daring. For we are in Vienna, which theatrical convention demands must be devoted to nocturnal philandering, with or without waltz tunes.

The young Don Juan of a baron expects the pretty actress at supper-time. When he is disappointed he has to think of something else. So he, or the author, thinks of a play called *The Man from Blankley's*, rings up a department store, and asks them to send along a female supper-companion out of the bargain basement. While the baron is bargaining, so to speak, with the shop girl, the proprietor of the stores is having supper with the actress, whose name is Fritzi. It *would* be Fritzi, since girls of the gay world in plays about Vienna or even Paris are nearly always called Fritzi.

The proprietor's wife takes on the job of the baron's supper-companion. Since, for the sake of sentimentality, she must remain Awfully Pure, she does not, while sleeping in the baron's flat, let him share her room. This happened quite recently in a play at the Garrick Theatre, and it is still happening, as I write these lines, in a play at the Shaftesbury, funnily enough called *Fritzi*. It *would* be *Fritzi*.

There are some goodish lines and I see no reason why this play should not be a success. It nearly always has been a success. Miss Kay Hammond, *piquante* and amusing, is the actress, and Miss Nora Swinburne, the other woman. Mr. Wyndham Goldie, who plays the gay baron, I found more baronial than gay.

The Phœnix Theatre in the Charing Cross Road, a few yards from the site of what I remember as a pickle factory, is now as fashionable a haunt as the Embassy Club. The word "darling" is cooed with nauseating frequency on both sides of the footlights, and the very exiguous vestibule and corridors—one can rely on a thoroughly modern theatre to provide true discomfort—are packed in the smoke-laden intervals with lovelies, young marrieds, debs, ex-debs, sub-debs, super-snobs, and all the fun of Mayfair.

The magnet is a legitimate one. The Three-Play-Plan started well and is getting better though it is still uneven. Mr. Coward writes of what he knows. What he knows is not always what I like—which is unimportant—or what is effective as dramatic material, which is very important indeed. He has his obsessions, one of them being the tragic position and endless theatrical possibilities of young women with plenty of money and nothing to spend it on except enjoyment, fortified by cocktails and dope.

Shadow Play, the third of the new set of triplets and the most weakly, is of the poor-rich-girl *genre*. That it is so ineffective is a pity, since I feel sure that it is the one on which Mr. Coward, a genius who takes infinite pains, has lavished most care. It was difficult to see much more in that young married woman, beautifully though Miss Gertrude Lawrence played the part, than a peevish bore. That she took a dial sleeping tablet because she had ceased to love her husband, or he had ceased to love her, hardly made for drama. So far as I was concerned, she could have taken Seven Dials. She dreamed of past happiness; we saw that dream—dancing couples, flashing headlights of motor cars, people shouting the names of fashionable night clubs at each other—and some of it was rather cleverly done. The dance melodies will probably have an ephemeral popularity.

But the material was too thin and of shoddy quality, only the treatment being interesting; and even that was too long. The author must take these heroines of his away from dope and darlings and give them the advice given to David Copperfield by his landlady—to "try skittles, vich is 'ealthy, and diwerts the mind."

Mr. Coward has another taste in life, vich is as 'ealthy as skittles—the sea. It is not only because I am as devoted to sea-travel as Mr. Coward is that I welcome the scent of the sea when it crops up in all sorts of odd little ways in his plays and playlets.

There is nothing of the conventional marine drama in his *Hands Across the Sea*, for we are in the same old Mayfair, darlings and all. But here the Mayfairites are a less nervy and much more amusing crew—taking to telephones instead of tablets. I doubt whether this diverting little piece would ever have been written had not the author at one time journeyed to those parts of the Empire—"far-flung" is, I believe, *le mot juste* and of a sufficiently extreme Oriental sound—which are inhabited by admirable folk of the type visiting Miss Lawrence and Mr. Coward in their highly sophisticated nest.

As an instance of a delightful something made out of next to nothing, *Hands Across the Sea* will take a deal of beating.

There is a faint tang of the sea even in *Fumed Oak*, which is labelled by Mr. Coward "an unpleasant comedy," and lives up to the label. The point is not emphasised; it is but momentarily suggested. Yet I could detect Mr. Coward, lover of the sea, when the henpecked, super-henpecked, and chick-pecked father of a nasty suburban family, declared, in his moment of revolt against his revolting family, that he not only had saved £500, but that, tucked away in his breast pocket, was a ticket which would take him over thousands of miles of ocean to lands which, whatever their advantages or disadvantages, would not be Clapham, and cold ham for supper, and a nagging unloving and unlovable wife.

"David" (Ballet).—There was once a learned composer who is said to have backed himself to set all the propositions of Euclid to music. Our Balletomanes—that seems to be a word of their own coining—seem to be ready and willing to dance to the whole of the Old Testament.

After *Job*, *David*, a ballet which has been produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, with *décor* by Mr. Meninsky, music by Mr. Jacobsen, a curtain specially painted by Mr. Epstein (*the* Mr. Epstein), and choreography by Mr. Keith Lester, who seems somewhat restless under criticism. The fact that this is Mr. Lester's first attempt as a choreographer does not justify such restlessness, and his long letter of protest against the comments of an acknowledged ballet expert I found more forcible than convincing.

I note, however, that in one modest and magnanimous passage he says, "I would not claim perfection for my first ballet"; he even admits that there are "minor points in *David* that are weak." I will go further and assert that there are plenty of major points in *David* that are as weak as water, and that this applies not only to Mr. Lester's choreography but also to the music. None the less, Mr. Lester obviously has clever ideas and much promise.

"Page from a Diary."—Like Mr. Noel Coward, Mr. Charles Bennett, author of *Page from a Diary* at the Garrick Theatre, is a man of the theatre, not afraid of theatricalism as such. What is known in the profession as "a bit of the old" may easily prove acceptable in 1936, particularly since the point of development in melodrama on the films is at the moment *circa* 1876 or even earlier.

But the thing must be handled properly. It is only a question of personal prejudice that if there is one play I detest—and I have seen it a score of times—it is that in which white men (very "pukka") are beleaguered in a fortress somewhere on the North West Frontier, where we hear such remarks as "There's an ugly look on the faces of the natives," "I wish to God the women were safe," or "Take this revolver, darling, to save yourself from a fate worse than death."

I do not think Mr. Bennett actually used any of the above phrases, though I heard several very like them and the situation demanded all three.

Mr. Bennett is undoubtedly ingenious and can give this ancient stuff a new twist quite cleverly. Unfortunately, he comes near to twisting the life out of it.

HER FAVOURITE PART: Lucie Mannheim, the talented young German actress at present starring in *Nina* at the Criterion, as she appeared in the role of Nora in the Berlin State Theatre's production of *A Doll's House*. Arrangements are now being made for her to be seen on the London stage in this most famous of all the Ibsen plays

A VERSATILE VISITOR: *Left*—Lucie Mannheim in her dual roles in *Nina*, which has just passed its 150th performance at the Criterion and is still attracting large audiences. On the first night it was not disclosed that she was playing two parts and many people were agreeably "taken in." *Right*—Miss Mannheim in *Apollo Brunnenstrasse*, one of her popular musical successes in Germany

MUSIC IN THE AIR

Notabilities of the Concert Platform, Operatic Stage, and Cinema

PUTTING THEM THROUGH THEIR PACES: Louis Hasselmans, the well-known conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, engaged in a rehearsal with his men. He was born in Paris in 1878 and received his training at the Conservatoire de Musique, but has spent a very large part of his life in America, first with the Montreal Opera Company, afterwards with the Chicago Company, and latterly with the famous New York institution

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE: Stage director Desire Defrere rehearsing Julius Huehn, the young baritone

THE BOY ORGANIST: Sixteen-year-old Arthur Aikman at the keyboard of the Wurlitzer in the New Victoria Cinema, Preston, where he has just made his first appearance under a contract with Gaumont-British

FRIEDA HEMPEL AND FRIENDS: A recent study of the famous prima donna who for over thirty years has been delighting opera-lovers. Undoubtedly one of her greatest roles is Marschallin in *Rosenkavalier*

A RISING OPERA STAR: Gertrude Wettergren, the Swedish mezzo-soprano, who made her debut last season at the Metropolitan in New York, and may be coming to Covent Garden next summer

HIS SCREEN DEBUT: Vasa Prihoda, the noted violinist, who makes his first appearance in pictures in the Austrian film with an Indian setting, *The White Wife of the Maharaja*. His leading lady is Isa Miranda

HUNGARIAN VIRTUOSO: A new portrait of Kilenyi whose piano playing so impressed King Edward VIII during his last visit to Hungary

AN HISTORICAL, MUSICAL, PICTURE: Michael Bohnen (*right*), the singer, in the title role of the German film *August the Strong*, which has been produced under the direction of Paul Wegener. On the left is Franz Schafheitlin as Finance Minister Fleming

THE WORLD OF BOOKS:

Mary Ellen Chase's Story of a Maine Seafaring Family—Two Australian Collaborators "Discovered" by the late Arnold Bennett

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

MISS Barbara Goolden has called her new novel a record of twenty-five years, opens it with a scene during a London air raid, and ends with the Silver Jubilee celebrations, having covered a period which, even to my muddled reckoning, can scarcely be longer than twenty years.

Apart from that quibble though, I have very little fault to find with **WISE GENERATIONS** (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.) which is an agreeable book, unpretentious and readable. The final paragraph, which reminds me, perhaps mistakenly, of the work of Sir Philip Gibbs, is a key to the optimistic and kindly spirit in which the book has been written.

"To offer love and loyalty, to join with others, to dwell in unity, to give, to take, to share—what could be better? The past was blessed in quiet remembrance, the present lived with gratitude, the future held in faith."

Sarah Spain and her daughter and her boys and her niece and her grandchildren live their everyday, undramatic lives in these pages, and it is just that naturalness, and the sense of familiarity with them that one has, which give the book its real value.

As in many big families, there is one dominating figure in the Spain family. Old Sarah Spain, whom her children refuse to regard as either level-headed or practical, has a great influence in all their lives, and since she is a woman of gentleness and perception, her relations are hardly aware of the changes which her excellent and often whimsical suggestions have made in their lives. Even realising it, they would find it hard to credit their sympathetic Sarah with Machiavellian scheming.

The younger generation and the generation of the war and their different values and attempts at readjustment have been the theme of a great many novels. On the whole Miss Goolden shows more insight into their problems than many of the authors who have attempted this difficult survey in the past ten years.

EDWARD C. RASHLEIGH (*left*) with Louis Kraft and Ben Nel (*centre*), the owner of a farm near the little-known Aughrabies Falls on the Orange River, South Africa. The frontispiece from Mr. Rashleigh's book, *Among the Waterfalls of the World*, which has just been published by Messrs. Jarrolds

The Crocketts lived on the coast of Maine. They were proud folk, and their big house dominated the little village of Saturday Cove, as their busy shipbuilding yards provided its livelihood and principal activity. Seafaring folk, prosperous, and with the achievement of long years of sound shipbuilding and fine seamanship behind them, Silas Crockett was a typical representative of this thriving clan—confident, handsome, commanding a sailing ship in his twenty-second year.

Although Miss Mary Ellen Chase's new novel bears the title, **SILAS CROCKETT** (Collins. 7s. 6d.), and the story opens with Silas on his way to his wedding with Solace Winship, one is quickly made aware that this is not so much to be Silas' story as that of the whole family of Crocketts.

With Silas and that salty old woman Abigail, his mother, the family stood at the peak of its influence. The big house was full of treasures gathered from the seven seas and rare things from distant centres of civilisation. They were rich, full of assurance, and a trifle arrogant.

Proudly sailing the *Four Winds*, Silas laughed at the new-fangled steamships. Nicholas, his son, still in sail, but commanding a bedraggled craft, did not laugh, and in a generation we find a grandson of old Silas as master of one of the despised steamships, and that a pathetic representative of its class, tramping about on odd-job coast trade, doomed practically to extinction by the competition of the growing railway system.

The family was to endure yet a further humiliation, for that same grandson was to lose his ship and be reduced to running a ferry. Nevertheless the Crocketts were still on salt water, but in yet another generation they were to yield to the unequal struggle, and Reuben's son gets a job at a fish cannery, the fine old house passes into alien hands, and the divorce of this great sea-faring family from its traffic in the great waters is made absolute.

Told in bare outline this story of the tragic disintegration of a fine family tradition and the sinking from splendour to comparative squalor does not sound a very inspiring tale. Nor are there any high lights in the tragedy—any excesses of profligacy, of the squandering of hardly-won possessions; nor does any one generation bring these things about by ineffectualness. It is a quiet but steady process of attrition, of men born and bred to the sea and sail, of the passing of sail in the face of the steadily developing transport conditions of newer times, of their stubborn fight, and of their equally stubborn and calm acquiescence in inevitable defeat.

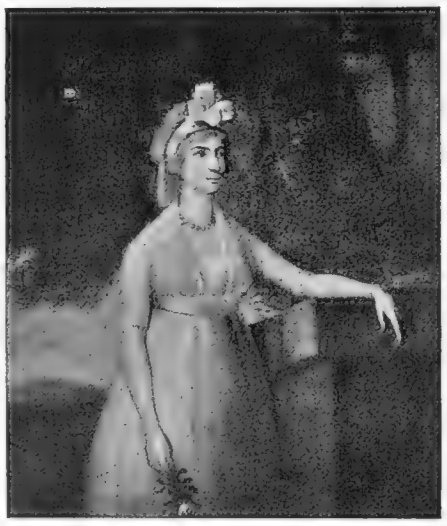
Miss Mary Ellen Chase, as readers of that fine novel *Mary Peters* will remember, has a sure hand with character and with atmosphere. She builds her story slowly and surely upon a technique which practically eschews pace, violent action, or dramatic effect. If these Crocketts are doomed they proceed to their doom with a calm dignity in the face of successive adversities, and the tale of it is adorned with scene and description as satisfying and absorbing as a succession of fine old prints.

In the more spacious days of Abigail and Silas there are unforgettable parties in the old house, in which the sturdy elegance of the scene is presented in the minutest detail, and so on to the return, as a spectator only of Silas, the youngest Crockett, to the scene of his family's past splendours; a young man with a touch of rancour perhaps, but having inherited the intrepidity and faith of his fathers.

A word is due to the publishers for the wrapper by Maitland de Gogorza which, extended into end papers, has far more than average quality, and is worthy of a fine book.

Among the late Arnold Bennett's "discoveries" was a first novel, subsequently to become a best-seller, entitled *A House is Built*. He hailed it as "a major phenomenon of modern fiction" and was able to reveal that the name "M. Barnard Eldershaw" was the portmanteau designation of two Australian ladies, the Misses Eldershaw and Barnard.

Like their famous prototype, Michael Field, these two ladies seem not only to have triumphed in, but cemented their collaborative powers with equally good work, and the easy confidence of the narrative of their latest novel **THE GLASSHOUSE** (Harrap. 7s. 6d.).



"LADY NELSON," BY RICHARD COSWAY, R.A.: A portrait from Edmund B. D'Auvergne's, *The Dear Emma*, the story of Lady Hamilton, her husband, and her lovers, which has recently been issued by Messrs. George G. Harrap and Company (10s. 6d. net.)

The action of the story takes place on a Norwegian ship sailing from Antwerp to Australia, via Lisbon and Cape Town, and the "Glasshouse" was the name given by the crew to that "superstructure of glass and white-painted metal that housed the captain and the passengers, that luxurious upper world to which they hoped in laborious time to climb."

The description has a significance, for through the eyes of Stirling Armstrong, a woman novelist, passenger to Fremantle, we see, as through the transparent glass, all the secrets of the temporary inhabitants of the "Glasshouse" revealed, from the captain to the garrulous schoolteacher Miss Williamson.

By this ingeniously contrived picaresque method the authors string together a series of little stories and character sketches, each assured of its continuity and place in the basic scheme of the voyage. As passengers and ships' officers must be of diverse types, so each of these episodes is of a differing quality; the strongest are in the beginning. Although we cannot echo Arnold Bennett's words on the score of achievement, this book is nevertheless a notable performance, and can be recommended to everyone who is looking for a good novel.

HESTER AND HER FAMILY (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.) is Mr. H. W. Freeman's latest contribution to bucolic literature. As the title reveals it is another family novel; the scene is Suffolk, and the period stretches from the beginning of the century to the present day. In the main though, the story is Hester's, whom Messrs. Chatto and Windus rightly describe as a "flesh-and-blood creature," having begun life in an orphanage, and possessing "an immense vitality."

Of the earth earthy is this type of novel, and should you doubt Hester's vitality, consider this, her reflection on a passing male. "He was moving in a shaft of brilliant sunlight which picked out every visible detail of his anatomy and seemed to print it on her eyeball; and what details they were! The short black hair, the small dark eyes flashing from their deep orbits at every blow he struck. But for Hester, the body, golden and shining in the sunlight, far eclipsed it. The bony hardness of the wide flat chest-spaces, the hooped rigidity of the ribs. . . ."

This virile specimen was none other than the rector's son, and she the slavey in the household. Hester at length sets about raising a family, a brood of diverse character whose fortunes we pursue to the end of the book, and even as far abroad as Italy where "an hour later Jenny rolled drowsily away from Dino's somewhat sweaty embrace."

BOOKS RECEIVED

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INTO THE SUNSHINE

If you want to really enjoy every minute of a cruising holiday you will choose good-tempered clothes that will not need constant attention. Here, for instance, is a Deval dress in navy, grey, and white striped washing silk. There are double inverted pleats at each side of the front and back panels which are cut in one with the curved yoke, and it costs $3\frac{1}{2}$ guineas at Harrods of Knightsbridge. The white hat is of rough surfaced silk trimmed with dark gros-grain ribbon

Of course, you'll need a suit, like that at the head of this page on the right. In canary yellow Lamaline—a soft novelty woollen—it has under-revers of brown crêpe de chine and a skirt with a pressed godet set in between fin-shaped tucks. It costs $8\frac{1}{2}$ guineas to order in the Suit and Ensemble Department at Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W. It is made in a wide range of charming colours, and for 3 guineas you can get a matching crêpe de chine blouse

As gay as a summer day, and so inexpensive that you can really let yourself go, the little tub frock in the centre is made in "Tootal's" crease-resisting linen. On a white ground, with subtly blended flowers in several colour schemes scattered over it, it has an attractive neckline. The fullness is pleated into the yoke—a row of tiny buttons fastens it at the back—and the skirt is cut on the cross. The price is 32s. 6d. and it comes from Marshall and Snelgrove

Take as many evening dresses as you can, but don't let them be too elaborate. The colouring of the frock on the right is especially good, for it has great distinction. In washable crease-resisting voile, patterned in flame black and white: in jade, yellow, or blue with black and white: and in grey black and white, it has a wide taffeta sash, and a low shoulder yoke tied in front This costs 39s. 6d., and it, too, comes from Marshall and Snelgrove

THE

Monte Carlo

CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON, 1936

MARCH 4	Berlioz' "Requiem," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 5	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Walter de Frece" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 6	MUSIC—GALA CONCERT, CONDUCTED BY RICHARD STRAUSS.
MARCH 8	Winter Sports—Monte Carlo Ski Club Relay Race at Beuil.
MARCH 19–20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP.
MARCH 20	César Franck's "Béatitudes," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 22	Fencing Tournament.
MARCH 25	CLASSICAL CONCERT WITH MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 27	GRAND RECITAL BY MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 28–29	International Dog Show.
MARCH 30–APRIL 5	Annual Tennis Criterium of the Principality of Monaco.
APRIL 1	GALA CONCERT WITH MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 2	Monte Carlo Theatre—OPENING OF THE BALLET SEASON.
APRIL 3	GRAND RECITAL BY MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 4	Automobile "Concours d'Elégance."
APRIL 8	GALA CONCERT WITH FRITZ KREISLER.
APRIL 10	GRAND RECITAL BY FRITZ KREISLER.
APRIL 11–13	Motor Races—Prince Rainier Cup and GRAND PRIX DE MONACO.
APRIL 13–29	Monte Carlo Country Club—Easter Tennis Tournament.
APRIL 14	Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE STANLEY CUP.
APRIL 15	Verdi's "Requiem," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.

SUMMER SEASON AT MONTE CARLO BEACH: The Beach and Swimming Pool will open in May. The Beach Hotels open on June 1 and the Summer Sporting Club opens in July.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the end of April : the programme for February has already been published in earlier editions of the Calendar.)

Travel Arrangements

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s. Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d. Return Sleeper, £8 17s. 10d.
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SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.
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HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.

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WINTER'S END

Early Spring Holidays on Land and Water—Some Suggestions Regarding Where to Go

THE first three months of the year are definitely the blackest. One's vitality sinks to its lowest ebb, while influenza germs wax daily fatter and more prosperous. Spring seems further than ever behind, and even the appearance in the flower shops of lilac, mimosa, and prunus blossom, arouses envy without carrying much conviction. Then why don't more people go away? The answer to that, of course, is that quite a lot do, that quite a lot cannot for one reason or another "be spared," and that to the rest all the attractive possibilities of escape have just not occurred.

It is primarily for these last mentioned that we write. Those who have already found their place in the sun have a way of sticking to it, whether it is on an Alp, a cruising liner, or a Mediterranean beach. Who has not heard that unmistakable (and very understandable) note of self-satisfaction that seems to creep into people's voices when they say, "We always go to Switzerland at this time," or "We always like to fit in a cruise before Easter," or "We go to a hotel where we get every scrap of sun"?

January's newspapers have reported blizzards on the Riviera, floods throughout France, a prolonged bout of *Föhn* (the wind that melts snow and gives headaches) in Switzerland and rain over Austria. To anyone who does not know better it might seem a rather discouraging outlook, but the thing to remember about these wonders of nature is that they *are* wonders of nature, and journalists have to make the most of them while they last. In the following paragraphs we shall cast an eye over Europe, not in the usual popular search for climatic abnormalities or even hidden armaments, but in search of sunshine and pleasure, the things that everybody can agree about enjoying.

SWITZERLAND

Zurich: First Class Return: about £14

The winter sports season has now reached the stage when the school-children have come home

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL: Ski-ing on the higher slopes in the Austrian Tyrol

and the experts have gone out. The hotels don't have quite that air of hectic gaiety that they had a month ago, but that does not by any means imply that the great social centres of the Bernese Oberland and the Engadine are relapsing into quietude until the summer. Snow conditions in the high Alps are generally at their best in February, and remain good in some places until well into March. Mürren and Wengen (in the Oberland) have a perennial attraction for the stars of the ski-ing firmament, while Arosa and Klosters, in north east, are also much spoken of. Arosa is 6,000 ft. up, and Klosters, since the opening of the new Parsenn railway, is within easy reach of the Weissfluhjoch, of which the height is close on 9,000 ft. The Parsenn ski-ing fields are marvellous.

AUSTRIA

Innsbruck: First Class Return: about £22

There's good ski-ing to be had in Austria, too, until the end of March, provided only one goes high enough for it. For the present, however, reports from the Tyrol and Arlberg show that after a green beginning the mountain slopes are now retrieving their reputation for fine powder snow. Innsbruck is a good centre . . . and when the open air life begins to pall (if it does at all) Vienna is not very many hours away by train, and it is a fascinating capital to visit at any time of year. The Arlberg Kandahar Races take place at St. Anton on March 14, by the way.

GERMANY

Munich: First Class Return: about £19

The Germans during the past few years have devoted themselves with scientific enthusiasm to fostering Winter Sports, and this year's Olympic Games at Garmisch Partenkirchen, which started the day before yesterday, mark the goal of their ambitions. Certainly no trouble has been spared to

IN THE SHADOW OF PIZ PALU: Ski-ing slopes at the foot of one of Switzerland's most imposing peaks

make this occasion a big success, and newcomers who have not yet experienced the particular charm of the Bavarian Alps, and have never seen that grand mountain the Zugspitze, should come away with very pleasant recollections from a visit to

A YACHTSMAN'S PARADISE: Sailing craft in the harbour at Cannes, where an important regatta is held each February

Garmisch this year. Incidentally, it is worth keeping a day or two for Munich, either on the way out or the way back. *Fasching*—the ten days or so before Ash Wednesday, which falls this year on February 26—a time of fancy dress parties and general gaiety in Germany and Austria, is celebrated with particular zest at Munich, and offers a first-rate opportunity for observing Bavarian *Gemütlichkeit* at its best.

PICTURESQUE ANDALUSIA: A scene near the old town of Ronda, noted for its market gardens and extraordinarily healthy winter climate. It has a Moorish citadel

FRANCE

Paris: First Class Return: £6

Marseilles: First Class Return: about £15

Travellers returned from France are more or less unanimous in agreeing that neither Paris nor the Riviera is by any means so expensive as the unfavourable exchange rate would seem to indicate. In Paris, of course, it rather depends on where you stay and what you want to do—but has it not always depended on that? At any rate, there are quite good hotels, small, but centrally situated, where one can get a room for 25 francs a night with 6 francs extra for the *petit déjeuner*. Food, now as ever, costs just what you choose to pay for it, and probably nowhere in the world offers so wide a range of restaurants from which to choose as Paris. The winter theatrical season is in full swing just now, and a lot of English people are making a longer break there than usual this year on their way south.

As for the Riviera itself, it is gayer and more crowded than it has been for ages. The ambitious musical programme embarked upon by Monte Carlo is an outstanding success of the season; most of the great international figures, from Toscanini and Kreisler downwards, are appearing there between January and April. Toscanini's concert three weeks ago gave rise to terrific enthusiasm. More enthusiasm, in another field, has been evoked by the new gambling device at the Casino—an octagonal glass case enclosing a miniature race track which accommodates seventeen toy aeroplanes, eight red and eight black, and one neutral, which serves as the equivalent of zero in roulette. They race, break apart, slow down, stop. And the one that stops nearest the winning post wins. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*—but the underlying principle remains the same.

Cannes and Menton are also doing particularly well. February is usually Cannes' biggest month, as it is then that the famous regatta, one of the "brilliant events" of the South of France season, takes place. Menton, which for years was regarded

IN PORTUGAL'S CAPITAL: One of the main squares of old-world Lisbon

as rather a quiet backwater, is coming very much to the fore nowadays, and there are a lot of distinguished visitors there this year.

SPAIN

Barcelona: First Class Return: about £17

The excellence of the Spanish roads and the quantity of pesetas one can get for a pound sterling (it is in the neighbourhood of thirty-six), are exercising a potent influence on people with a taste for foreign motoring. Spain, as has often been asserted in these columns, is a marvellous land, and the nearer we get to spring the lovelier it will become. The high central plateau is definitely cold in February, and until about the end of March the weather is best along the Mediterranean coast.

PORTUGAL

Lisbon: First Class Return: about £24

Portugal, to most people, means Estoril, and though it is not by any means the only sunny place in the country (which is very beautiful, very unspoilt, very friendly) it is an ideal resort for a winter holiday. You find there sea, sands, deliciously fragrant pinewoods and an active social life. It is, moreover, within easy reach of Lisbon, which is well worth exploring at leisure. Living is cheap in Portugal as well as in Spain. Incidentally, an air service is shortly to be started which will get you there (via Biarritz and Madrid) in a single day.

Richard Nowell.

N.B.—The fares quoted above are only approximate, and in most cases travellers can take advantage of substantial special reductions.

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CRUISING GROUNDS

PEOPLE who asserted that the cruising holiday was a crisis phenomenon, and would disappear as soon as better conditions returned, were proved wrong last year, and look like being proved still further wrong this. Actually, the cruising holiday dates from about 1922, although in those infant days it was simply a "there-and-back-again" affair. It was not until nine years later that the great British public was forgetting to take off its shoes in North African mosques (a failing that was soon, happily, overcome), and still another year elapsed before the present highly specialised organisation had been completely evolved, which makes it possible for people of the most diverse tastes and temperaments to sail the seas together for weeks on end without getting in one another's way. This is the real triumph of present-day cruising; that there is all the entertainment and companionship that you can possibly want *if* you want it, while if your idea of a holiday is a deck-chair in the sun, a selection of books and no disturbance, you can have that equally well.

THE MEDITERRANEAN

From Gibraltar to the Palestine Coast

"Storm centre" is the phrase of the moment that journalists seem to enjoy using about the Mediterranean. Storm centre? There have certainly been one or two winter gales during recent months, but no more than in most

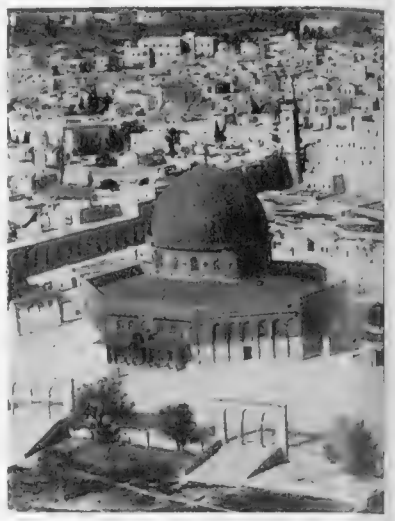
THE OLD FORT AT FELANITX: A notable landmark on the east side of Majorca, the largest of the Balearic Isles

years, and, as in most years, they were soon over. As for other kinds of storm . . . it is true that not many cruising liners will be visiting Italian ports this year; it is also true that a larger proportion than usual of the British Fleet is concentrated at Gibraltar. Apart from that, however, the visitor will see little sign of anything untoward, and the presence of the British Fleet is about as good a guarantee of quiet conditions as even the most timid soul could wish for.

Everybody regrets the circumstances which make it necessary for cruising itineraries to give Italy a miss this year: it is such a very beautiful country. Yet from the tourist's point of view the loss is by no means irreplaceable, as calls will be made at many interesting, but less well-known ports that in the past have been sacrificed to the more obvious claims of Italy. The African coast offers a promising field: Bizerta, Philippeville, Algiers, Oran, and Tangier, all have about them something of the fascination of the East, even though every passing year sees them falling more and more under the influence of modern Europe. It is not without significance that most people's first glimpse of North Africa is the approach to Tangier, which reveals a mass of tall white buildings, with more in process of erection, such as you might see in any progressive modern port. But once you get ashore and begin to *feel* the place—or any of these places—how much there is about it that is different and strange and exciting.

Tangier, from this point of view, is a very good place in which to make a prolonged stay. There is admirable bathing, a number of extraordinarily interesting expeditions that can be undertaken, and particularly in spring, a perfect climate.

The Palestine coast has the same quality, only intensified, partly because



IN THE HOLY CITY: A mosque which is believed to stand on the site of King Solomon's temple in Jerusalem

there one really has reached the East—one is on the fringe of the vast Arabian desert, partly on account of the great historical experiment which is being carried out there under the auspices of the Zionist movement. Jerusalem, of course, will always be one of the most interesting cities in the world, and the fine modern university that has been erected there is a striking symbol that its history is not written only in the past.

The modern city of Tel Aviv is one of the chief "sights" of Palestine, and no one can fail to experience a thrill of surprise on realising for the first time just what an achievement its fine streets and tall blocks of flats represent.

Nearer home, the Dalmatian coast is likely to exercise its romantic charm with renewed success this year. No wonder these Adriatic shores found favour with the discriminating royalties of pre-war days, before they had been discovered by the rest of the world! And even now they still possess an unspoilt charm that leaves one with the impression of having stepped for a few moments outside time into an earthly paradise.

Finally, there are the French Riviera, the coast of Spain, and the Balearics to be seen. A call at Villefranche enables one to get a very good idea of Europe's best-known playground, for Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo, and Menton are all within easy reach. Tarragona, on the Catalan coast, is generally the port of call for Barcelona,

REMINDER OF THE ROMAN OCCUPATION OF SPAIN: A lane in the Forum Romanum at Tarragona on the Catalan coast

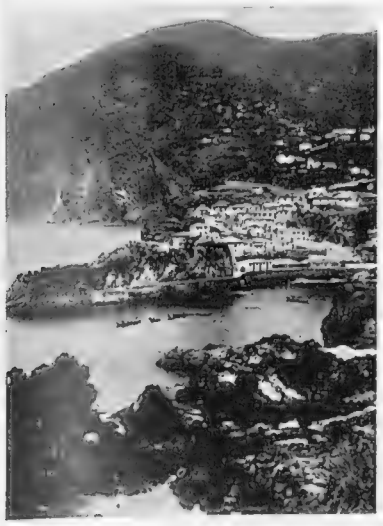
Atlantic and Mediterranean Ports of Call

and is in itself an interesting little place, possessing a cathedral crammed with treasures; while a day spent at Palma gives one at any rate just a glimpse of lovely Majorca.

THE ATLANTIC ISLES

The Charms of Madeira and the Canaries

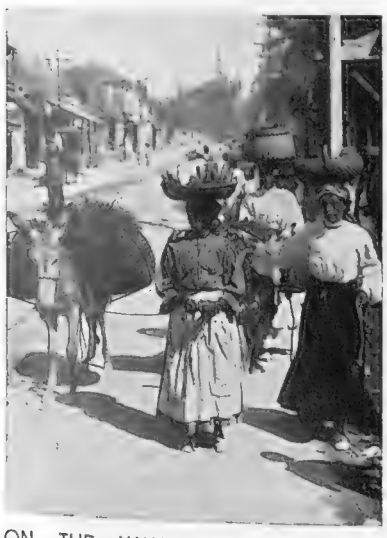
It is appropriate enough that a visit to Madeira should generally be preceded



A MADEIRAN FISHING VILLAGE: Sao Vicente, a picturesque spot lying at the opposite side of the island to Funchal

by a call at Lisbon, since Madeira is a Portuguese colony. After Ushant is passed, one seems with every hour to feel the air getting softer and the sun warmer. It comes as no surprise that in such a favoured latitude Madeira should be a beautiful island; and yet, however many times one goes there, one is always surprised afresh at how incredibly beautiful it actually is. Its volcanic origin gives it a strange exotic charm—curiously twisted mountain peaks, sudden, deep chasms filled with the most luxuriant vegetation, flowers in tangled profusion wherever one's eye comes to rest; there would be something almost sinister about it were it not for the continual glory of the sunshine, dispelling storms and showers almost as soon as they have broken, and tempering the fresh sea breezes.

Perhaps it is because we are an island people that we are so fond of islands—or in the case of the Canaries, perhaps it is because the great peak of Teneriffe, first sighted on the distant horizon after several days at sea, is one of the finest sights in the world. Both Teneriffe and Las Palmas have a pleasant air of remoteness from the hurly-burly of life that most of us know. The inhabitants go about with an enviable air of contentment and placidity, the climate is warm, there are palm trees and banana trees (inevitably) in abundance, and some pleasant Spanish architecture which holds the spirit of the eighteenth century to a remarkable degree.



ON THE WAY TO MARKET: A street scene in Kingston, Jamaica, where the native women carry their burdens on their heads

A number of cruising liners visiting the Canaries this year will also make calls at some of the West African ports—Dakar, Freetown, Takoradi, Victoria and Bathurst. These places are a fairly recent addition to the cruising map, which, considering what fascinating glimpses they afford one of native African life, is surprising. Bathurst is particularly attractive, but in all of them the vivid colours of their setting hold the eye.

THE WEST INDIES

Islands in the Winter Sun

Most Englishmen are said to know next to nothing about the British Empire. But every year an increasing number is finding out something about at any rate one corner of it—the West Indian Isles. Royal precedent has now made these a particularly popular destination, and the discovery of their charming scenery, their marvellous facilities for bathing and all forms of sport, seem to imply that this popularity will be lasting.

In these Islands has been perfected the fine art of sitting about in the sun. The bathing beaches—long stretches of dazzling sand, fringed for the most part with tall palms—are unbeatable. In Jamaica there is also magnificent mountain scenery—and good motoring roads from which to enjoy it. Kingston, the capital, is a pleasant place. So, for that matter, is Bridgetown (Barbados), with its curious architectural contrasts of old and new, and a truly

SANTA CRUZ HARBOUR: A picturesque old four-master anchored beside the quay at Teneriffe

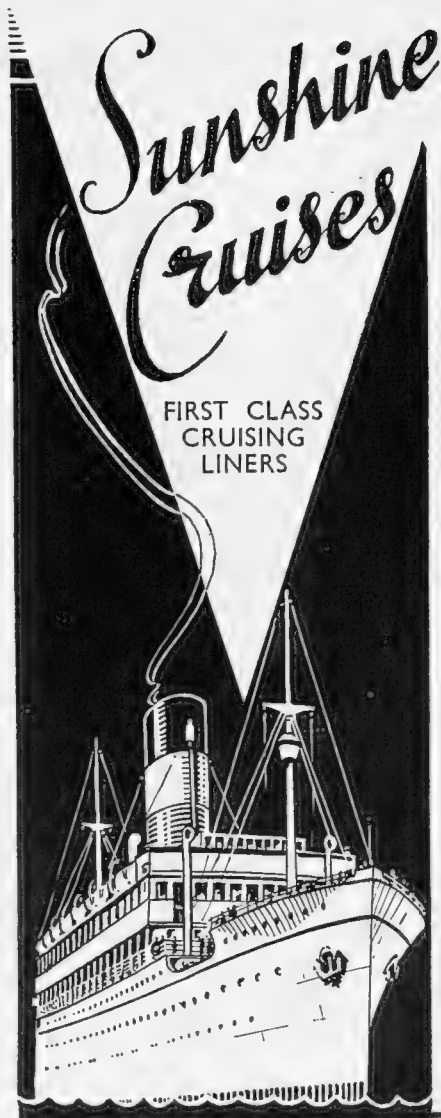
fascinating harbour, round which anybody who is interested in unfamiliar sailing rigs can wander contentedly for hours.

Then to the north of Cuba are the Bahamas, a chain of islands off the Florida coast, and farther north again, remote coral specks far out in the Atlantic, the Bermudas, "in the ocean's bosom unespied." Bermuda was England's first colony (taken over in 1610) and there is much that is of historical interest to be enjoyed there, although the setting has been remarkably adapted to meet the sophisticated tastes of visitors from both Europe and America.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered



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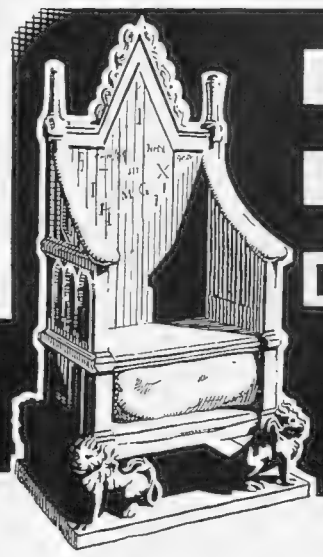

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CRUISING NOTES *for the* COMING MONTHS

ONE OF THE MAJOR THRILLS OF CRUISING: The first sight of a strange, foreign port from the deck of the liner

LAMPORT and Holt are starting the 1936 spring season with a long West Indian cruise. The *Vandyck* leaves Southampton on February 15 and will be at sea for forty-eight days. Ports of call will include Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad, Panama, Jamaica, Havana, Florida, the Bahamas, Bermuda, and the Azores. This is a really comprehensive and well-planned programme and should be extremely popular. Most of the forty-eight days are bound to be fine and warm and the *Vandyck* has the reputation of being one of the most comfortable cruising liners afloat. After her return she will leave again for an eighteen days' cruise to Ceuta, Villefranche, Barcelona, Palma, and Lisbon on April 9 (the Thursday before Easter). On the same day her sister ship, the *Voltaire*, will leave for the Atlantic isles, calling at Gibraltar, Casablanca, Santa Cruz, Madeira, and Lisbon.

* * *

The Canadian Pacific Line have not got out quite all the details of their 1936 programme yet, but it opens more than encouragingly with a *Duchess of Atholl* (a 20,000-ton oil-burning liner) cruise to West Africa and Morocco. Ports of call are Las Palmas, Dakar (Senegal), Freetown (Sierra Leone), Takoradi (Gold Coast), Bathurst (Gambia), Casablanca (Morocco), and Lisbon. This should be a journey of outstanding interest, and will have the additional attraction for people who enjoy achieving personal records of "crossing the line" after visiting Victoria. It starts from Liverpool on February 26 and finishes at Southampton on March 26. Fares are from 48 guineas. A slightly shorter cruise (twenty days) to some of the same ports of call is being undertaken by the *Duchess of Richmond*, leaving Southampton on March 14. Fares in this case are from 34 guineas.

* * *

The *Orion*, the latest addition to the Orient Line fleet, had her maiden voyage only last August. The demand for accommodation on her 1936 cruises is, therefore, bound to be enormous, especially in view of all the favourable reports that have been received about her. There is unanimous agreement that she is a splendid ship and well worthy of a place beside the already popular *Orontes*. Both will be cruising in the Mediterranean, visiting Egypt, Palestine, and the Adriatic coast, during the Spring and Summer, and in June, July, and August, both will be going to the northern capitals and the Norwegian Fjords. Fares are extremely reasonable, the average minimum for a three weeks' cruise being 36 guineas and for a fortnight's cruise 21 guineas. Only 1st-class passengers are carried. The first of the Mediterranean cruises (by the *Orontes*) starts on April 24.

* * *

It is good news that the Booth Line Amazon cruises are continuing this year. This is indeed one of the most wonderful journeys in the world. Starting from Liverpool, the *Hilary* (7,500 tons) proceeds to Leixões, the harbour of Oporto; from there to Lisbon; from there to Madeira; then across the Atlantic direct to Pará, at the mouth of the Amazon. Then starts the fantastic 1,000 miles passage up the great river itself. On the whole journey a distance of 12,000 miles is covered. It takes seven weeks and fares (1st class) range between £75 and £85. The 1936 sailings are scheduled as follows: April 9, June 5, August 7, and alternate months thereafter. All sailings are from Liverpool.

* * *

The Royal Mail Line announces an interesting cruise to the Atlantic islands and the West African coast that will be leaving quite shortly. It begins on February 28 and is by the *Almanzora* (her tonnage is 16,000). On March 20 the same ship is scheduled for a second cruise, this time to the Mediterranean. It is proposed to visit Ceuta, Barcelona, Naples, Malta, Tripoli, and, on the way back, Lisbon. Fares are from 34 guineas for twenty days. The *Atlantis*, which has just left to go to the very ends of the earth, will be back in time for an Easter cruise to Ceuta, Athens, Gallipoli, Istanbul, Malta, and Lisbon—a fascinating itinerary, and a good example of just how much a modern cruising liner *can* do in twenty-three days. Fares are upwards of 40 guineas.

* * *

As far as the Cunard White Star Line is concerned, the great event of 1936 will be the maiden voyage of the *Queen Mary*. The Company promises, however, a wide range of cruises to satisfy every taste and every purse during the course of the year. A cruise worth noting is that of the 20,000 tons *Laconia*, which leaves Liverpool on March 4 for the Canaries, the West Coast of Africa, and the Western Mediterranean. This is a month's cruise, and the lowest fare is 48 guineas.

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BRITISH AGRICULTURE

(Continued from p. 258)

pig-breeding and feeding must be changed and a national standard, and perhaps even a compulsory quota for production, established. At the same time there must be a drastic change in the present methods of distribution of the products of agriculture and in the relation of the middleman to the producer. The inquiry into milk distribution has brought to light such absurdities as bringing milk from Carlisle to London, and sending milk from the Home Counties to Birmingham. To take another example, M——, a market gardener of my acquaintance in Surrey has to send his vegetables to Covent Garden. The greengrocer with whom I deal has his shop within half-a-mile of the garden, yet he also has to go to Covent Garden, and frequently brings back M——'s vegetables. British agriculture can be made to pay, but only if it is given adequate capital and reorganised for production on the same basis as would be adopted by an efficient manufacturing industry.

It is a question of applying factory methods to farming. One successful East Kent farmer put it to me a few days ago in these words. "Four years ago," he said, "we tried putting up selected Cox's Orange apples in dozen-boxes like peaches, and we soon discovered that the shops would pay a specially good price for all we could turn out. In 1934 we tried the same thing with tomatoes and found it paid. This last season we sold selected brussels sprouts stripped of their outside leaves in half-sieves, and they showed a profit from the start. It is simply a question of giving the public what they want." The old-fashioned farmer who does one thing or another because his father did it, and his grandfather before him, and who looks down on market-gardeners may say, "But that isn't farming." It may not be by his lights, but it is a way of getting a profit out of the land. Another farmer may say, "That's all very well, but you can't do it in East Anglia."

True enough, but I know a large estate that was virtually bankrupt ten years ago showing a good profit to-day because it is in the charge of an efficient manager who has not been afraid to ride rough-shod across the ideas and beliefs that have governed East Anglian farming since the days of Farmer Coke. Incidentally, he happens to be a Dane. Whither British agriculture? We shall know by the end of this year, and unless the answer is reorganisation for a new prosperity, we shall be witnessing the greatest national tragedy of the century, the death agony of the industry upon which the greatness of Britain was built.

J. Baker White

CONTINUATIONS

THE WORLD AND KING GEORGE

(Continued from p. 236)

remain incontestable for many generations." Not far away, at the corner of the boulevard, was a newspaper kiosque where, a few hours before, I had bought my newspaper. The little woman in the kiosque, with shawls and plaids to keep her warm, had gossiped with me and with all her customers concerning the death of King George, as if it were as much a personal grief to these simple people as the death of their own beloved Albert.

Perhaps no country is nearer to us in spirit and institution than Holland, which, like the three Scandinavian countries, has shared with us throughout its history a more or less common destiny, and none is better able to comprehend the character of the Englishman. Thus I have been struck in Holland by the sensitiveness and wide understanding shown in the innumerable articles and comments on the death of King George that have appeared in the Dutch Press, and still more by the rude sympathy of the people.

Someone in Flushing writes to the leading Amsterdam paper a personal memory of George the Fifth. The *Victoria and Albert*, with the King and Queen on board, had put in for a few hours at Flushing. It appears that the King wanted to take a stroll through the town, but Queen Mary, with her love of ancient things, felt more for a motor drive to Middelburg, one of the loveliest of the old cities of Holland.

A car was brought for Queen Mary, but just as it was about to set off it developed engine trouble. The King, at the top of the gangway, smiled gaily at the mishap. "The expression on his face," says the writer, "was as if he would say, 'There you are now. You must go motoring, and see what happens.'" Another car was soon on the spot, and the Queen, triumphant, drove off.

The King, with an adjutant, strolled through the town and along the canal dyke. He passed in the neighbourhood of a company of infantry exercising under a junior officer. Recognising the King, the subaltern formed his company up and gave the salute, an attention which the King appreciated, and for which, in that courteous and gracious manner that endeared him to so many, he thanked the young officer. "All the way along," says the writer of the story, recalling his grateful astonishment, "the King politely returned the salutes of even the most humble passer-by."

In little courtesies, as well as in the onerous duties of State, King George the Fifth fulfilled a destiny universal in its influence upon men's hearts. . . "While he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets."

"HENRY" THE MISCHIEF-MAKER: Master Michael Theakston of Roehampton, who appeared as the famous Kensitas cigarette mascot at a recent juvenile fancy dress ball

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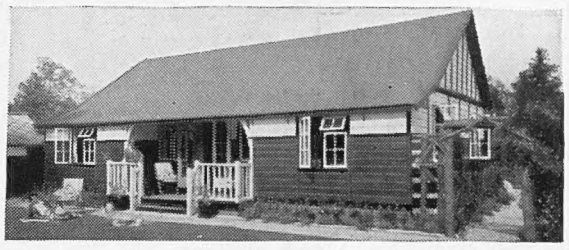

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of cover)

J., London (Spain).—The single tourist class fare from London to Gibraltar by P. and O. Line is £6 10s. the return fare being £9. Gibraltar is a ferry crossing from Algeciras, from where it is a four hours' motor coach drive to Malaga, this costing about 15s. The German African Line have occasional sailings to and from Malaga, their English port of call being Southampton. The single tourist class fare from Southampton to Malaga is £8, the return fare being £12 16s. The overland journey to Malaga via Paris and Madrid is most expensive and takes two days and two nights.

S., London (Madeira).—The return 1st class fare from England to Madeira by Union Castle Line is £30 12s. or £36 according to the steamer chosen. The *Balmoral Castle* leaves Southampton on February 21, arriving at Madeira on February 25. The *Kenilworth Castle* leaves Madeira on March 5, arriving at Southampton on March 9. The return 1st class fare by the Intermediate Service of the Union Castle Line to Teneriffe or Las Palmas is £27. The *Dunluce Castle* leaves London on February 28, arriving at Santa Cruz di Teneriffe on March 5, the *Llandaff Castle* leaving that port on March 25, arriving at London on April 2. Two good hotels in Funchal are Reid's Palace Hotel and the Savoy Hotel, both of which are situated on cliffs overlooking the bay of Funchal. In Teneriffe you would probably wish to stay at Puerto Orotava, twenty-five miles from Santa Cruz. The leading hotel there is the Grand Hotel Taoro. The average temperature at Funchal during February and March is 60° or 61° Fah. the average temperature at Orotava during those months being 61° or 62° Fah.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

D., Northants. (Dalmatia and Corfu).—The Jadranska Plovidba D.D. runs a weekly passenger and cargo service from Trieste and Susak to the Dalmatian Coast, Corfu, and Piræus, leaving Trieste at 6 p.m. on Wednesdays, calling at Split, Dubrovnik, Kotor, Bar, Durazzo, Valona, and Sarande, arriving at Corfu at 7 a.m. on Sunday. On the return journey the boat leaves Corfu at 4 p.m. on Wednesdays arriving at Trieste at 7 a.m. on Saturday. The return 1st class fare from Trieste to Corfu is about £6 10s. During the summer months an additional service is run from Venice and Susak to Dalmatian ports, Corfu, and Piræus, leaving Venice on Sundays, arriving in Corfu the following Thursday. The best hotel in Corfu is the Angleterre et Belle Venise, but the Pension Suisse can also be recommended, while there are several simple little hotels in the country which you would find quite satisfactory.

F., London (Spain).—Sitges, which is not far from Barcelona, is a popular seaside resort. If you prefer a small, quiet place, we suggest you visit Tossa, a pretty little seaside village, with an extremely good beach. The surrounding country is hilly and wooded, and offers plenty of scope for delightful walks. The Casa Steyer there charges about 7s. per day. The house is three minutes' walk from the beach, though we understand the proprietor has recently opened a new, small hotel directly on the beach, charges there being very slightly higher than at the original Casa Steyer. Passengers to Tossa should travel on the Paris–Barcelona express, dismounting at Gerona, and there taking the light railway to Llagestera, from where Tossa can be reached by bus. The return fare from London to Gerona via Dover-Calais, including 2nd class travel in England and France and 1st class travel in Spain is about £14 3s. 1d. The journey from Gerona to Tossa costs only a few shillings. We advise you however to arrange with the Casa Steyer people for their car to meet you at Gerona or Llagestera, for there is only one bus service per day between Llagestera and Tossa, and should you miss this, you would be most inconvenienced as there is no hotel or inn accommodation available in Llagestera.

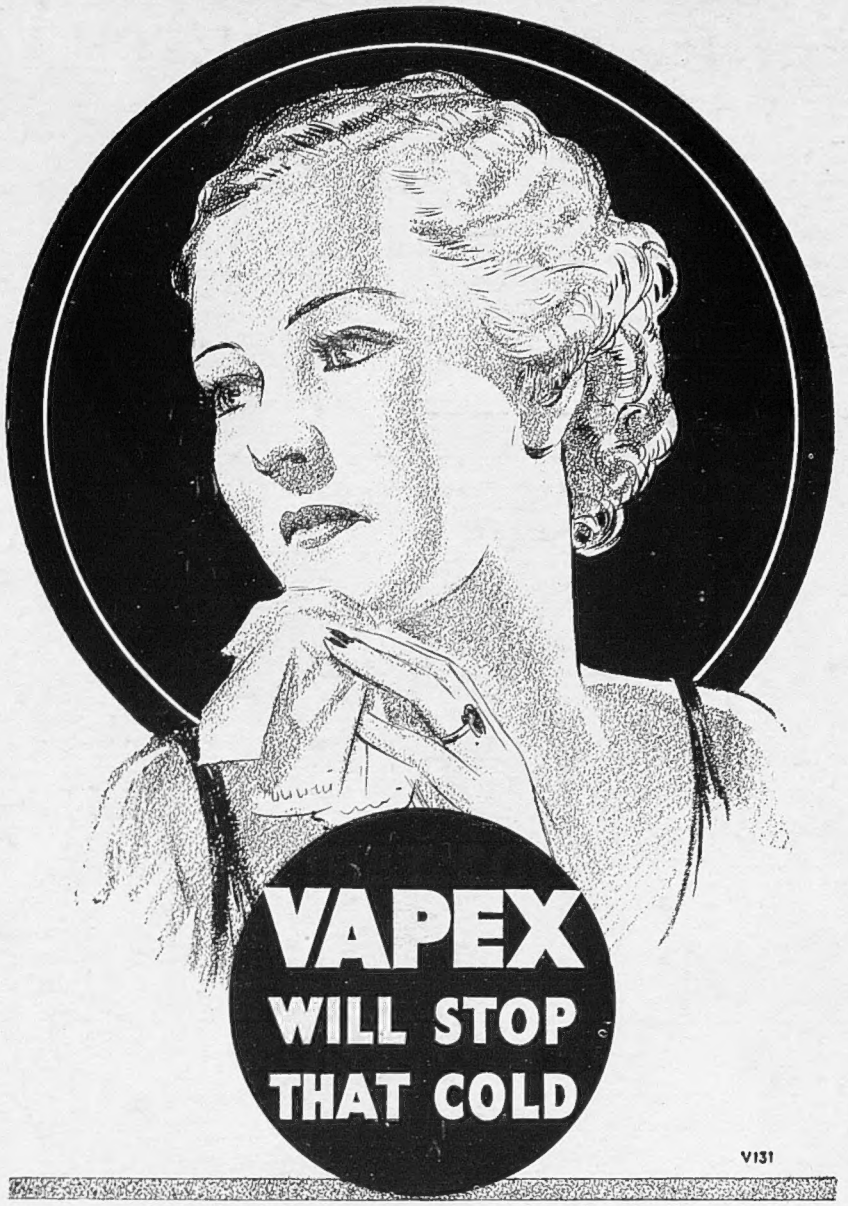
R., Paris (Royal Mail Line).—The *Atlantis* of the Royal Mail Line is scheduled to make four cruises to the north during the coming summer, with departures on July 4, July 17, July 25, and August 14. As you wish to make a fairly long cruise, No. 8 leaving London July 25, and Leith on July 26 would be the most suitable. During this cruise the *Atlantis* will make calls at Reykjavik and Akureyri in Iceland, King's Bay on the Ice Barrier, the North Cape, Hammerfest, Lyngen, Tromso, Trondhjem, Merok, and Bergen. Weather permitting, the sun will be visible at midnight on various dates during the cruise. Fares for this nineteen days' cruise range from 30 guineas.

K., Berks. (France).—The return thirty-day holiday fare from London to St. Raphael via Dover, Calais, and Paris is £15 19s. 2d. 1st class and £11 2s. 9d. 2nd class. The Blue Train leaves Paris daily at 8 p.m. arriving at St. Raphael at 9.41 the following morning. The supplements for the first and second class sleeping berths between Paris and St. Raphael are £3 15s. 3d. and £3 7s. 5d. respectively. There is an 18-hole golf course at Valescure, two miles from St. Raphael and connected with it by a motor-bus service. The P.L.M. motor-coach service from Nice to Marseilles passes through St. Raphael, while there are local bus services to Sainte-Maxime, Saint-Tropez, Frejus, Agay, and Fayence.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C. 2, will be promptly answered



CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Guernsey.—Moore's Queen's Hotel.—Fully licensed, with H. & C. running water. Central. 3 Gns. to end of June. 4 Gns. summer. A.A.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel du Jubilé, 125, Avenue Champs-Elysées.—Opened 1935. Sun and fresh air. Private bath and breakfast from 10/6.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cap Martin.—Roquebrune.—Villa Sévigné.—5 min. from centre Monte Carlo. Famous for its cuisine. H. & C. water. Pens. fr. 28 Frs. up.

Hyeres.—Hotel Beausejour.—Engl. Resid. Hotel in large garden. Engl. Library. Nearest golf, croquet. From 9/- daily. Bertrang, Prop.

Menton.—Hotel des Anglais.—A famous English hotel on sea front. Sunny and quiet. Taken over by owners. Terms from 4 gns. weekly.

Menton.—The Majestic (Swiss Hotel).—Nearest to Casino, facing gardens, all comfort. Pension from 4 gns. weekly.

Menton.—Orient Hotel.—A most luxurious hotel centr. sit. 200 rms. 100 baths. Terms from Frs. 35 per day, facing south. Prop. L. Brunetti.

Menton.—Hotel Royal & Westminster.—On Sea Front, with Garden. 1st Class. 100 yds. fr. New Casino. Quotations in sterling on demand.

Monte Carlo.—The Mirabeau.—Unrivalled situation. A home away from home Terms en pension from 5 guineas.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Nice.—Hotel Angleterre & Grande Bretagne.—Evy. ft. rm. with bal. view on gdn. & sea. Bth. & 'phne. Fr. 25 frcs. rm. only & fr. 55 frcs. full bd.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class, 200 rooms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. terms. Annexe: Hotel Du Rhin. Rms. fr. Frs. 25. Entir. renov.

GERMANY.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mks. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

SWITZERLAND.

Gstaad.—Hotel Oldenhorn.—3,600 ft. Max. sun. Winter Sports. Pension, incl. all taxes and ski school instruction, from 12 Swiss frs.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Wengen.—Park Htl. Beausite.—1st cl. Brit. fam. htl, mod. conv. Unrvl. cen. psn. All wint. spts. Orch. Incl. tms. fr. frs. 14.50. E. Buhlmann, pr.

The Centre for "Glorious Devon"

EXETER.

Royal Clarence Hotel

FACING THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE

Central Heating, Hot and Cold Water and Radiator in Bedroom. Lift to all floors. Night Porter. A High-Class Family Hotel with Moderate Charges. Grill Room.

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LONDON WAS READING BYRON

in his newly published "Hours of Idleness." And presumably in its own hours of idleness London was sampling the newly marketed McCallum's "Perfection" Scots Whisky. To-day there's a deal more "Perfection" sampled than Byron read . . . . though they're both poetry. Yes, the whisky too — perfect mingling of rare old distilled liquors, recalling the zest and tang and honey-mellow aroma of Highland burns and moors.

McCallum's "PERFECTION" Scots Whisky

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Spratt's bench and feed the dogs

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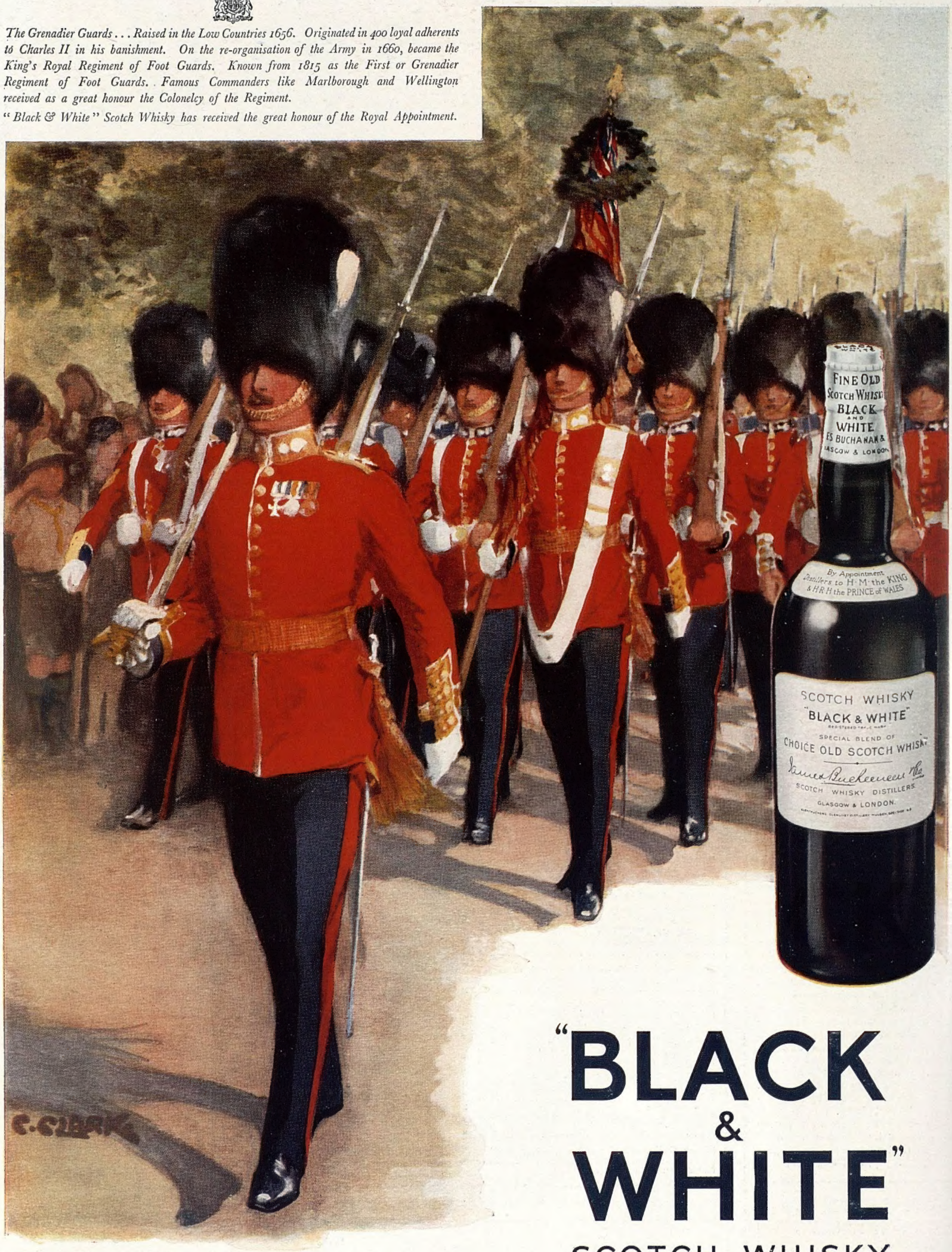
The Grenadier Guards . . . Raised in the Low Countries 1656. Originated in 400 loyal adherents to Charles II in his banishment. On the re-organisation of the Army in 1660, became the King's Royal Regiment of Foot Guards. Known from 1815 as the First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards. Famous Commanders like Marlborough and Wellington received as a great honour the Colonelcy of the Regiment.

"Black & White" Scotch Whisky has received the great honour of the Royal Appointment.



The Grenadier Guards
(An Anniversary Morning)
FROM A PAINTING BY CHRISTOPHER CLARK, R.I.

"BLACK & WHITE"
SCOTCH WHISKY
FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER

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